MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

NO WANT OF A MARKET.

Among the inducements to the far greater attention to the cultivation of various kinds of forest trees in New England, we may mention the certainty of an increasing demand for all kinds of lumber and the rapid destruction caused by the multiplied uses of wood for fuel and in the arts of civilization. Here, again, Mr. Sargent's paper, to which we have alluded in various connections, is very full, and gives some interesting statistics. In spite of the substitution, he says, in many parts of the country of coal as fuel, both for domestic purposes and for the generation of steam; in spite of the increasing employment of other material, both in the construction of buildings and various implements, and for ship building, the demand for wood in the United States has stimulated the supply until the figures which mark its increase seem almost incredible.

The railroads are enormous consumers, both as fuel, in the construction of cars and buildings, and for sleepers. "The Monthly Report of the Bureau of Agriculture" for November and December, 1869, estimated that the annual expenditure of the railroads at that time for wood for buildings, repairs and cars was $38,000,000, and that the locomotives of the United States consumed 240,000,000 worth of fuel annually. Supposing this is correct, and that the wood is worth four dollars a cord (a very small estimate), this yearly consumption of fuel by the railroads would represent twenty-five years' growth on 350,000 acres.

By the last returns there are in the United States 72,633 miles of railroad in operation, and the addition of double tracks and sidings will probably increase this amount to 85,000 miles.

Supposing the life of a sleeper is seven years, the 85,000 miles of track consume annually 34,000,000 sleepers, or thirty years' growth on 68,000 acres of the best natural woodlands; or if the sleepers are raised artificially, some 700,000 acres would be required, planted with trees best adapted for the purpose, regularly cropped and scientifically managed, to supply the railroads already constructed. At least 125,000 miles of fencing are required to inclose the railroads of the country, which could not have cost on an average less than $700 a mile. One-half of this would barely represent the cost of the wood employed, or $43,000,000; while it must take annually lumber to the value of not less than $40,000,000 to keep these fences in repair.

By the last return we have seen (1872), there were in operation in the United States 65,000 miles of telegraph, which destroyed in their construction 2,600,000 trees for poles, while the annual repairs must call for some 250,000 more.

The 20,000,000,000 matches manufactured in the United States annually require, according to Mr. Marsh, 230,000 cubic feet of the best pine lumber.

At least 1,450,000 cords of wood, principally pine, were required to bake the 2,899,352 thousand bricks which the census of 1870 gives as the number made in that year, requiring the cutting off the trees from 36,000 acres.

The manufacture of shoe pegs (a Massachusetts industry, but now carried on beyond the limits of the State for want of material here) consumes annually 100,000 cords of white birch worth $1,000,000.

In 1850, the value of the pine packing boxes made in the United States was one million dollars; in 1870, they were valued at $8,200,000. The value of the material made into woodenware in the United States increased from $436,000 in 1850, to $1,600,000 in 1870. The value of the material converted into agricultural implements in the United States in 1850 was only $8,000,000, while in 1870 it had reached the enormous sum of $73,000,000, of which the forests must have furnished twenty millions' worth. The enormous consumption of wood in this country will, however, be sufficiently shown by the following figures.

In 1860, the value of logs sawed into lumber was $43,000,000; in 1870, it was over $103,000,000,—an increase which neither the growth of population or the general advance in all prices can account for, and which can only be explained by the supposition that the uses to which forest products are applied are being rapidly extended, and that the foreign demands on American forests are increasing. But the statistics of the lumber trade do not show the entire destruction which is going on in our forests. Mr. Frederic Starr, Jr., in an interesting paper on the American forests, estimated that during the ten years between 1850 and 1860, 30,000,000 acres of forest-covered land were cleared in the United States for agricultural purposes, or ten thousand a day for each working day during that time. Of the trees thus cut, probably the largest portion never found their way to market, but were destroyed by fire for the sake of getting them off the land as rapidly as possible; and although lumber is now too valuable to justify any such mode of clearing, it is not improbable that trees capable of producing millions of feet are annually sacrificed in this manner.

THE SUGAR MAPLE.

We doubt if we can do the readers of the *Ploughman* a better service in this centennial year than to give all the facts we can in regard to the comparative merits of the various kinds of forest trees, and to urge them to renewed activity in planting and transplanting trees. Whether regarded as a permanent improvement or as an investment for future profit, the greater cultivation of fruit and forest trees is to be commended, but especially this year, when we ought to take a new departure. How many of our descendants will look upon the graceful forms and the grateful shade of trees about the place, and tell with pride how their fathers or their grandfathers planted out those trees in 1876!

Let us bear this idea in mind and act upon it as if it meant business, this very spring and before it is too late. Among the great variety of trees from which a selection is to be made, we cannot forget the graceful and useful sugar maple. Mr. Sargent in his valuable paper on Trees, in the Secretary's Report just issued from the press, says: The sugar maple (*Acer saccharinum*,) nowhere becomes a finer tree than in the western portions of Massachusetts; and when we consider the value of its wood in the arts, and for fuel, the value of its sap when converted into sugar, its rapid growth, long life, immunity from the attacks of insects, and its beauty and fitness for street and ornamental planting, it must be acknowledged that no tree deserves more general cultivation in this State. The wood of the sugar maple, which is hard, close grained and smooth, is largely used in furniture making, cooperage, and in making shoe-lasts, for which it is preferred to that of any other tree. Two million five hundred thousand pairs of lasts are consumed annually in Massachusetts alone; and if we can judge of the future of this business by the past history, it will, before many years, consume all the sugar maple lumber the country can produce. For fuel, the wood of this tree is generally considered superior to that of any other, with the exception of the hickory. Mr. Bull estimates its value at only 60, hickory being 100, and places before it, in heat-giving qualities, no less than twenty-two species of North American trees and shrubs.

The destruction of the sugar maple has been so general in this State, that sugar making, which formerly held an important place in Massachusetts industry, and, during the last thirty years, diminished fully one-half, and that, too, in the face of an enormously increased natural production, and of prices which have considerably more than doubled during the last forty years.

There are, especially in the western part of the State, many unproductive pastures, now almost worthless, which would, if converted into sugar orchards, yield in a few years a handsome income.

In regard to the age at which it is profitable to commence drawing the sap for sugar, authorities differ; but a tree twenty-five years old will yield, on an average, ten pounds of sugar, and will continue to be productive to this extent for fifty or sixty years longer. One hundred and sixty trees being allowed to the acre, the sugar crop, for an orchard of that size, would yield, at present prices, $273 annually; and it must be remembered that, owing to the season of the year at which sugar is made, no operation of the farm can be carried on with so small an outlay for labor. The trees, uninjured by the drawing off the sap, would increase in value for a hundred years, and at any age, find a ready sale, either for fuel or for use in the arts. Its adaptability to all soils, except where stagnant water stands, the rapidity of its growth, its general thriftiness and undoubted beauty at all seasons of the year, render the sugar maple the most valuable of all the North American trees for street and roadside planting, and it should be more generally used instead of the American elm, which has been planted for this purpose in Massachusetts almost to the exclusion of other trees, although rarely thriving in such dry, dusty situations.

THE WILLOW.

In this great centennial year everybody who owns land must consider the propriety of setting out or cultivating more or less trees, either for ornament along the highways or about the buildings, and hence it is proper to consider the characteristics and relative merits of the species of trees that are available.

The willow has been cultivated to some extent for many years, chiefly as an ornament, however, and we doubt if its merits as a timber tree are very fully understood or appreciated. Mr. Sargent, in his capital paper upon Tree Planting in the Report of the Secretary of the Mass. State Board of Agriculture, just issued says: As timber-trees, some of the willows deserve more attention than they have hitherto received in this country, for, although the white willow (*Salix alba, L.*) has for many years been planted in Massachusetts for ornamental purposes, its economic values have been entirely overlooked. It grows rapidly here, reaching its largest size and developing its best qualities. By the side of the highway, leading from Stockbridge to Great Barrington, in Berkshire County, there is a willow which, at four feet from the ground, girts twenty-one feet eight inches, and which, according to a popular tradition of the neighborhood, was brought in the form of a riding-switch by a person travelling from Connecticut, and planted where it now stands, in the year 1807. According to New England, *Salix fragilis, Linn*, or as it was more commonly known, *Salix Russelliana, Smith* (the Duke of Bedford's willow), produces the most valuable timber of any of the family, the common white willow coming next. I am not aware that the Duke of Bedford's willow has ever been introduced into this State; but as the two species have the same geographical range, and grow naturally under precisely similar conditions, there is no doubt that it can be successfully cultivated in any part of Massachusetts.

Few trees grow more rapidly than the willow, or adapt themselves to a greater variety of soil. It has been general in this State to select low, undrained situations beside streams or stagnant ditches, for planting this tree, but it is equally suited to high, exposed places, and poor soil; where, however, its growth will be naturally less rapid. In Europe, the timber of the willow I have reference to is used for many purposes. Newlands says it is "sawn into boards for flooring, and into scantlings for rafters; and in the latter capacity, when kept dry and ventilated, it has been known to last one hundred years. But the purposes more peculiarly its own are such as require lightness, pliancy, elasticity and toughness, all of which qualities it possesses in an eminent degree. It also endures long in water, and therefore is in request for paddle-wheel floats, and for the shrouding of water-wheels. It is used in lining carts for conveying stores or other heavy material, as it does not splinter, and the same quality renders it fit for guard-posts or fenders.' Turners and tray-makers find many uses for willow-wood, and it is employed in making shoe-lasts, light ladders and the handles of light agricultural implements. Its incombustibility is so great that it is peculiarly suited for the flooring of buildings intended to be fire-proof, and attention has been recently called to its value for such purposes.

As willow timber could be produced far more cheaply than that of any of our native trees, it would soon come into general use here for the purposes for which it seems particularly fitted, and for which more valuable woods are now employed. Less than one-third of the willow used in the United States in basket-making is produced here, the remainder being imported from Great Britain, France and Belgium, at an annual cost of $5,000,000.

The osier proper, the product of *Salix viminalis, L.* and its allies, can be grown without trouble in any wet, undrained soil, capable of producing little less of value; but the better sorts of basket-willow are only occasionally produced with careful cultivation on rich, well-drained soil. Under such conditions it is a profitable crop, capable of netting at least $150 a year to the acre, and well worth the attention of our farmers. Further experiments, which might be made under the auspices of the county societies, are, however, required to determine which of the many basket-willows is best adapted to our climate, and to devise some method for protecting this crop against the attacks of many insects which have of late years seriously interfered with its cultivation in various parts of the United States.

The Report is Out.— The Twenty-third annual Report of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture is now ready for distribution, and farmers can obtain a copy of their representative or senator in the Legislature, or of the Secretary of their Farmers' Club, or the County Agricultural Society. The Reports are not sent out of the State except by way of exchange. They are sent to all agricultural papers that are sent to the office of the Secretary to be kept on file for the benefit of the public. The volume is well bound and exceeds 600 pages.

JERSEY COWS.

We are happy to be able to present the following statement of the yield of Mr. Saltonstall's herd of cows. How many herds are there in New England that have done as well? Mr. Saltonstall says:

I hand you statement of yield of my cows from Nov. 1, 1874, to Nov. 1, 1875. *Sibyl* is seven-eighths Jersey, through Colonel, Countess and Flora, whom you will remember as first rate animals. The other one-eighth is Ayrshire, from a very fine cow. When 9 years old, Sibyl gave in 12 months, 13,065 pounds, or 6077 quarts of milk—on green food, hay and roots. Until within about 3 years, since her teeth became poor, we have never been able to give her any grain; it would inflame her bag at once. Sibyl was 16 years old March 16, 1875. She gave for the year 10,035 pounds, or 4667 quarts of milk—an average of 27 1-2 pounds, or 12 3-4 quarts for every day of the 365.

Diamond is an imported Jersey, No. 570, in the Herd Register, 9 years old, July, 1875. She gave for the year, 7420 pounds, or 3451 quarts of milk—an average of 20 1-3 pounds, or 9⁴4-10 quarts for every day of the 365.

Snowdrop is an imported Jersey, No. 569, in the Herd Register, 7 years old, October, 1875. She gave for the year, 9085 pounds, or 4225 quarts of milk—an average of 24 9-10 pounds, or 11 1-2 quarts for every day of the 365.

Thus my 3 cows, carefully, but not highly fed, one of them 16 years old, and the other two thoroughbred Jerseys, gave me for the year a total of 26,540 pounds, or 12,343 quarts of milk, an average of 72 7-10 pounds, or 33 8-10 quarts per day.

Sibyl's calf, Sibyl 2d, 2 years old, May 19, 1875, by my imported Jersey bull, "Jack Horner," No. 514, calved June 4. In the 10 days from June 23 to July 4, inclusive, on pasture feed only, she gave 302 1-2 pounds of milk, but as I was getting more milk than I wanted, I sold her.

We have always weighed Sibyl's milk more or less, though not always so carefully as in the years above noted. But I do not think her yield in those years was any larger than at any other time. If we take her yield when 16 years old, as the average of the 15 years to March, 1876, that she has been giving milk (and this is probably not unfair as she has often given much more,) we have a total yield of 150,000 pounds, or 75 tons, or say 70,000 quarts. In this time she has dropped 7 bulls and 7 heifer calves, and is due to calve again in April. Most of her calves have been sold at from $10 at a week old, to $150 at 2 years old.

If to the value of these calves we add $3500 for her milk, at the low price of 5 cents a quart, and consider that she has not until a few years been grained at all, and so has been cheaply kept, I think I may say, she has been a profitable cow, as well as a beauty to look at. Very truly yours,

HENRY SALTONSTALL.

☞ By the annual report of the Hoosac Valley Agricultural Society, it appears that the receipts for 1875 were $3852, and the expenditures $4602, and the society is worth $7568 above the liabilities, calling the fair ground and building $12,500, and has 477 life members, of whom 260 are in North Adams, and 21 honorary, four of them living in this city.

Questions & Answers.

STARTING CORN.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

I think corn a valuable farm crop and wish to make it more so by giving it an earlier start and protecting it from the grub worm. Will you please inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman* how to accomplish my object, and oblige me, with many others. Respectfully yours, S.

You can do it on a small scale, for early sweet corn for the table, in the method we indicated in *March on the Farm*, that is by planting it in inverted sods and putting it under glass till it is safe to transplant. Cut the sods into squares, so as not to disturb the roots in transplanting. Any one can easily start thirty or forty hills in this way with only a trifling cost and have this luxury on the table by the first of July or thereabouts.

On a larger scale for field culture you can protect corn from the grub or from the depredations of birds by giving the seed a coating of tar, and rolling it in plaster or ashes. We have tried this method on a considerable scale with perfect success. You can soak the seed over night in clear water and then immerse in tar water on the morning of planting, rolling in ashes for the sake of easy handling; or you can simply immerse the seed dry in tar, and roll in lime. The tar, of course, is to be heated so as to render it liquid. This preparation may retard the germ a little, but it is a sure protection against grubs and insects. We do not know that there is any other essential benefit.

Perhaps some of the readers of the *Ploughman* have experimented with other preparations, and if so, will they please state the results for the benefit of our correspondent and others who may be glad of the information.—[ED.

THE SPAVIN.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please inform me through the *Ploughman*, the name of the Liniment recommended a few weeks since for a Bone Spavin? Also, what you would do to remove the soreness from a Spavin? And if you think the Liniment mentioned worthy of a trial? By thus doing, you will much oblige one of your OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Westboro', March 6th, 1875.

There are cases undoubtedly, where some suitable liniment is useful, but we have never known a case of real bone spavin to be permanently cured by liniment, or any other treatment. The article you allude to is called, we believe, "Spalding's Spavin Cure," and is prepared and sold in Vermont, but we know of no facts in regard to it, other than those stated by our correspondent, Mr. Towle, in the communication to which you refer. If you have a horse suffering with the disease, why not call upon Dr. Thayer, or some competent Veterinary Surgeon?—[ED.

FARMER'S INSURANCE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I think the time has come for farmers to insure their buildings free from city risks. If some fair way could be found to insure neat stock and horses there would be less loss in farming. I have used plaster with kelp with profit, and a horse to draw the turnip seed sower. I have used oxen on a pile driver, driving down to hard pan in a very short time. Few cows are sick that have sunshine and running water to drink. The farming is improving in this town.

Marshfield, March 6, 1876. J. A. C.

THE FERTILIZER LAW.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I thank you for your timely caution of Commercial Fertilizers. Will you be kind enough in the next issue of the *Ploughman* to give us an extract of the law regulating the thing? also the manufacturers' *system of grading*, or analysis, so that we may know what to buy. And oblige an Essex County subscriber. H. M. H.

Ballard Vale.

The leading sections of the Fertilizer Law are as follows:

SECT. 1. Every commercial fertiliser offered for sale within this Commonwealth shall be accompanied by an analysis stating the percentage therein of nitrogen, of anhydrous potassium oxide, or its equivalent of potassium, in any form or combination soluble in distilled water, and of phosphoric acid or anhydrous phosphoric acid in any form or combination soluble in a neutral solution of citrate of ammonia at a temperature not exceeding one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The percentage of phosphoric oxide not soluble as above, shall also be stated in said analysis, together with the material from which it is obtained: *provided*, that no analysis shall be required for packages of fertilizers which are sold, offered or exposed for sale at a less rate than fifteen dollars per ton, or which contain none of the above constituents. A copy of the analysis required shall accompany every parcel sold, offered or exposed for sale.

SECT. 2. Every manufacturer or importer of commercial fertilizers as specified in section one, before offering the same for sale in this Commonwealth, shall take out a license as a manufacturer or importer and pay into the treasury of the Commonwealth fifty dollars annually, as a license fee for each kind of fertilizer so offered, and shall at the same time file with the secretary of the state board of agriculture a paper giving the names of his principal agents, and also the name and composition of the fertilizer manufactured or imported by him.

SECT. 3. Any person selling, offering or exposing for sale any commercial fertilizer without the analysis required by the first section of this act, or with an analysis stating that said fertilizer contains a larger percentage of any one or more of the constituents mentioned in said section than is contained therein, or for the sale of which all the provisions of section two have not been complied with, shall forfeit fifty dollars for the first offence, and one hundred dollars for each subsequent offence.

It is made the duty of the State Inspector of Fertilizers to analyze one or more specimens of every kind of commercial fertilizer coming within the provisions of this Act, that may be offered for sale; and for this purpose he is authorized to take from any package in the hands of any dealer, samples not exceeding one pound in weight. It is also made the duty of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture to institute proceedings against all parties violating this Act.

By chap. 378 of the Acts of 1874, the license required by sect. 2, is to be issued by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, as by chap. 331 of the Acts of 1870.

It is expected that parties engaged in manufacturing or importing fertilizers, and all dealers in them, will promptly comply with the legal requirements on their part, as in the end the act will undoubtedly inure to their benefit, by the increase of public confidence in the quality and honesty of the articles offered for sale.

IMPROVED CHESHIRE SOW.

PROPERTY OF DANIEL GREEN, BELLEVILLE, NEW YORK.

KELP.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In the *Ploughman* of to-day there is an article on "Kelp as a Fertiliser." One of the statements in that article is that 650 loads of kelp spread over 12 acres of land, covered it six inches thick. Now the number of feet of land in 12 acres is a little over 516,000, and it would require fully 1650 cords of kelp to cover it six inches deep, or nearly three cords to a load. Now if this be so, I should like to know what kind of a team he used; if not so, I object to the statement, as being a little stretched.

Very truly yours, W. L. F.

Quincy, Mass., March 4, 1876.

We shouldn't wonder if Mr. F. is right. We published the statement directly from our correspondent, Mr. Sandford. Probably six inches was what appeared to the eye when first spread and lying up loose. Those long, fringed and curly leaves take up a heap of room you know.—[ED.

SEEDING THAT LOT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Reading in the *Ploughman*, the record of a "good cow," that "beats the Old Brindle," I would like to know, what "that piece" was seeded with, as I have a piece up, which I would like to serve in the same way?

Yours truly, L. W. J.

South Wilbraham, March 8th, 1876.

Will A. S., of Craftsbury, Vt., please reply. It is the piece alluded to in the *Ploughman* of March 4th, on which the cow that beats "Old Brindle," was fed.—[ED.

Correspondence.

WINTER BUTTER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have read all articles in the *Ploughman* on winter butter with a great amount of interest. This is my second winter making butter; last winter I had no trouble, but during the month of January and a part of February this season, could not bring my butter by churning all day. Twice the cream was very bitter after churning three hours. I have tried all methods proposed in the *Ploughman*, but found none to suit until M. B. T. kindly gave her experience in your paper of the 26th of February. By following her directions, I was rewarded by having nice butter after six minutes churning. Will some one through the columns of the *Ploughman* inform me if I can keep the butter I make now in good condition until August, and how? L. E. T.

HOW I COLOR MY BUTTER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Every species in nature has a fixed and positive character, by which it may be known, recognized and depended upon, without even attempting to deceive us.

Throughout the vegetable kingdom we see every thing, from the humblest flower to the majestic oak, true to its type, in spite of its surrounding circumstances or climatic influences which may somewhat affect, but not destroy its identity, its positiveness. The violet, whether it opens its spring beauty in Alaska or New England, is of the same unchangable colors, in spite of the difference of soils upon which it feeds, in spite of the difference of atmospheres which it breathes.

Her vegetable growth is universally correct. We see the same unswerving round, the same undeviating law in the animal kingdom.

The little insect called the cochineal is known by the positiveness of its coloring matter, and it never changes; it is always the same.

The opposite type is seen in the chameleon, which is so positively deficient in its color that it reflects that of surrounding objects, or, in other words, borrows for the time its color from other objects.

It is through this coloring principle or pigment if we may so call it, that I color my butter through my cows, whose coloring or pigment is sure to impart a rich color to the milk, and consequently reappears in the cream and butter. This pigment or coloring capacity may be known in the cows, heifers, heifer calves, and in the bulls and bull calves; and their consequent usefullness known and appreciated.

Their capacity for manufacturing milk and artistically coloring the butter, as well as their capacity for successfully transmitting these qualities to their progeny gives them a present and prospective value for the breeding of dairy stock.

To the uninitiated, these indexes may be pointed out and positively depended upon. They are seen and recognized by the dark color of the inside lining of the mouth, and a dark colored tongue, a dark nose, vulva and scrotum. In other words the inside linings extend to the outside, and give character known and recognized as the "black points and solid colors." This coloring gives tone to all the lining of the internal machinery; even more; it permeates the liquids of the system and gives color to the milk and cream, and outside beauty to the butter, and rich flavor too.

I do not wish to be understood that such dairy stock as do not possess these dark points are deficient in this pigment. I have seen many specimens which might be called particolored, and which possessed this coloring capacity in a very respectable degree, attested to by their very yellow skins, yellow lining to the ear, mahogany hoofs, wax horns, &c. But such may be more dependent especially in winter upon such food as will assist in lending color or pigment. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, these are no chimeras or imaginations. They are the observations of years spent in practical dairying and confirmed by others. In short, nature is true in all her departments. "Truth is

Stanstead, P. Q., Feb. 23, 1876.

NEW USE FOR CHICKEN FEATHERS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

According to statistics, very carefully compiled, we throw away yearly a quantity of chicken feathers the intrinsic value of which is equal to the money we pay out for cotton. The feathers are prepared to render them valuable, in the following manner: The operation is to cut the plume portions of the feathers from the stem, by means of ordinary hand scissors. The former are placed in quantities in a coarse bag, which, when full, is closed and subjected to a thorough kneading with the hands. At the end of five minutes, the feathers become disegregated and felted together, forming a down, perfectly homogeneous, and of great lightness. It is even lighter than natural eider down, because the latter contains the ribs of the feathers, which give extra weight. The material thus prepared is worth about two dollars a pound. About one and one-fifth troy ounces of this down can be obtained from the feathers of an ordinary pullet; and this, on the above valuation, is worth about twenty cents. Through the winter, children might collect all the feathers about a farm, and cut the ribs out as above stated. By the spring time a large quantity of down would be prepared, which could be disposed of to upholsters, or employed for domestic uses. Goose feathers may be treated in a similar manner, and thus two thirds of the product of the bird utilized, instead of only about one-fifth as is at present the case. The chicken down forms a beautiful cloth when woven. For about a square yard of material, a pound and a half of down is required. The fabric is almost indestructible, as, in place of fraying or wearing out at folds, it only seems to felt the tighter. It takes dye readily, and is thoroughly water-proof. MASON.

Windham, Feb. 27th., 1876.

Horticulture.

Root-Pruning.—Dr. Hull, the well known pomologist of Alton, Ill., spoke as follows at the annual meeting of the American Pomological Society:

"I have seen great revolutions in fruit growing, having been a resident of Illinois twenty-nine years. At first it was declared that no cultivated fruits could be grown in the middle and northern parts of the State. But I was determined to grow the finest fruit or none, and I have succeeded. I commenced root pruning as an experiment to produce fruits on rapid growing trees that did not bear, not expecting it would do to continue it any length of time; but to my surprise the trees that were severely root-pruned not only bore the most and best fruits, but they continued the most healthy, and stood the severe winter the best. From this fact I studied out the needs of the tree, and have found out that all trees and plants store up each year a certain amount of food for a specific purpose alone. Now we can direct the forces of any tree that it will store up food for fruit production instead of wood production, if we wish, and not injure the tree thereby. Some trees on favorable soil will do this, while other varieties and other soils tend to wood growth production; in such cases they are so taxed to force the sap to the ends of the long roots that they have not time after making root-growth to return the sap to the buds and form fruit buds. In such cases, if a root pruner be used in July, the roots are shortened, the sap finds its way to the ends of the roots, completes the root-growth, the tree then forms fruit buds and ripens up all growth before winter sets in, and is thus enabled to stand the winter uninjured, and you get a crop of fruit from every tree that you wish. I have never known this to fail when tried in July, and trees of any age may be forced to bear fruit if desired; but a judicious system of thinning out all sprouts and diseased branches is equally necessary. By this system, blight in a great measure is prevented, and trees are kept healthy."

INCOME OF TWO GOOD COWS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I send you for insertion in the *Ploughman*, if deemed worthy of a place, the product or income of two good cows for one year, commencing Sept. 1, 1874 to Sept. 1, 1875, kept by Horace H. Jenks, of So. Hadley. Amount of butter made and sold within the year was 883 lbs., sold for $268.99, over and above the butter and milk used in the family. The oldest cow is of Devon breed, and is now eight years old.

The younger one is her calf, and is now four years old, a cross of the Ayrshire. Their feed in summer was good pasturing without meal. While kept in the barn good English hay, each cow per day receiving from six to eight quarts of wheat bran.

Yours, E. C. F.

CONDITION OF THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

We present from the Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture a general summary of the condition of the Massachusetts Agricultural Societies.

It is a curious fact, that although the weather was bad on most of the days of exhibition of the societies, throughout the State, and, consequently, unfavorable for a large attendance from the crowds who usually flock to the agricultural shows, as a recreation, and who are generally supposed to be the reliance of managers for filling their treasuries, the total receipts of the societies were, in 1875, considerably in excess of those for 1874, the aggregate being, for 1875, $149,837.58, while, in the year before, they were $132,842 60.

If we remember that the amount received from the State Treasury, in the way of bounties, was about the same in both years, that the income from the permanent fund was greater in 1874 that in 1875, that the receipts for new members and donations were also greater in that year, we conclude that the difference in the aggregate receipts must have been, almost entirely, from what is known as "gate-money" or admission fees.

The exact difference in figures between these fees, allowing for the difference in the other items of receipts, is $12,135.35. That the societies should, under such unfavorable circumstances, have so favorable a showing, is, indeed, a matter of congratulation.

The weather was certainly not the kind most likely to have drawn out a "horse crowd," and this fact furnishes another point to those who do not believe that the horse-trot is at all requisite to the success of the Agricultural Fair.

The "premiums offered" were in about the same proportion to "premiums paid," in both years.

The current expenses of 1874 were less than in 1875 by $13,967.84, but this difference is accounted for by the unusually large expenditure, by the Worcester North Society, of $13,399.61, above the premiums and gratuities.

The total disbursements for the year were $144,892.79, or less than the total receipts by $4,944.79, while, in 1874, they were less than the receipts by $6,533.43.

The indebtedness of the societies has increased within the year $23,682.35, but the value of the real and personal property belonging to them has increased in a much greater ratio, being valued at $749,862.88, while, in 1874, its valuation was $546,753,-03, a difference of $203,109.85.

The above facts and figures certainly show that our county societies are in a flourishing condition, and that they are judiciously managed.

Here is a table of figures, comparing the financial *status* of the societies in 1865 and 1875:—

1865.		1875.	
Am't paid for farm improvements.	$1,001 50	Am't received from Commonwealth.	$7,000 00
Amount paid for live stock.	$9,109 00	Total receipts for the year.	$149,837 58
Am't paid for farm products.	$7,312 45	Premiums and gratuities paid.	$94,693 79
Amount for all other objects not strictly agricultural.	$4,228 88	Total disbursements for the year.	$144,892 79
Proportion of am't of premiums paid to those offered.	About 3-4	Indebtedness.	$23,682 35
Proportion of premiums paid to total receipts.	About 1-16	Value of real estate.	$749,862 88
Number of persons who received premiums and gratuities.	4,600	Value of personal property.	$203,109 85

☞ A remedy for the cure of hollow horn, or horn-sil, in cattle, is to dissolve a tablespoonful of copperas in warm water, and mix with the creature's mess if it is not past eating; if it should be, pour it down. This dose will seldom need to be given more than once. It has been my remedy for many years in a large dairy.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

A FARMER'S VACATION.

BY R. GOODMAN, ESQ.

Travelled Americans are now a common—some very common—commodity in Europe, and in fact in all parts of the globe, habitable or otherwise, but travelling farmers are rarer birds, and the results of their peregrinations when given to the public at home are generally above the average of the ordinary *excursus*, as they contain solid information in addition to the usual itinerary matter. Arthur Young, the prominent agricultural writer of note in his day, (a century or more since) transferred to England a good many bucolic ideas of moment in his several works on the methods of farming in France and elsewhere, and the French government thought so highly of his writings that it had the whole translated in French and published in twenty volumes, but his example was not followed by his countrymen. Lord Bacon in his essay on "Travel," among the many things "to be seen and observed," did not include farms, modes of agriculture, cattle, &c., as they were not considered quite *a la mode* for the young men who travelled under some tutor or grave servant, and his countrymen, and ours too, with rare exception have been in the main one-eyed travellers who see a great deal of some particular class of objects and are blind to all others. Of late years a great improvement in this respect has manifested itself, and I need only to call attention to Olmstead's Walks and Talks of an American Farmer, Rev. Henry Coleman's pleasant and valuable narrative of what he saw in Great Britain agriculturally, Elihu Burnett's "Walk from London to John O'Groats," which is an account of an actual pedestrian excursion from one end of England to another, through the best agricultural sections, with appreciative notices of the best farms and farmers, stock and implements, cost and profits of high farming, and Secretary Flint's accounts from time to time in lectures and reports of what he saw and learnt in Deutchland.

Col. Geo. E. Waring has followed up the diversion of Mr. Flint from the beaten highways and given us as the results of his vacation tour a charming work on the agricul- [illegible] the Channel Islands and their respective breeds of cattle, interspersed with well narrated use of leisure, reminiscences of travel, sketches of character and descriptions of architectural rarities, all illustrated by engravings from photographs, which are as much superior to the ordinary adornments of itineraries, as a life portrait of a Shorthorn cow is to the usual blocks all of one pattern, filled in to suit, with which our agricultural papers are adorned. A large portion of the volume came out as a serial in *Scribner's Monthly*, but as in that shape it reached but few farmers, the author has done wisely in reprinting and adding to and sending forth in this comely shape so much matter in which we are all interested, and which will serve for years as a finger-board to those of kindred tastes visiting the same regions, for the Dutch who were said by Voltaire to have been born before manners came in fashion, are slow of change, and if their manners are not to the taste of their gallic neighbors they are not inconsonant with ours.

Col. Waring is so well known by his "Ogden Farm Papers," as a practical farmer, that it seems hardly worth while to say that in addition to his professional pursuits as an agricultural engineer, giving his attention in connection with these to city and town drainage, and his literary work in magazines &c., he carries on and personally superintends a large dairy farm in Newport stocked with Jerseys and that his butter commands deservedly high prices in the market. But in addition to that he has a large farm and vegetable garden the products of which are remunerative the year round, and a pleasant story is told by a summer visitor of Newport how passing this garden and seeing a man at work there he called out to ascertain the price of vegetables, and some were handed to him for inspection by the individual whom on the same evening he was introduced to at his club as Col. Waring—one of its most popular members.

With such a guide we cannot fail to enjoy the trip through the Netherlands, visiting the butter markets, the windmills which grind like the gods, slowly but surely, inspecting the dikes and drainage, all which are minutely described and illustrated from photographs—then examining into the minutiæ of Dutch farming, its barns, harvesting and tools, its cheese dairies and marts, its curious customs, and its pride, the cow stables, where the little windows are curtained with white muslin, the ceilings and partitions of pine glistening with cleanness, the floor covered with white sand swept in fantastic figures, and the tables and dressers adorned with ornaments like an unused parlor of an American farmhouse. Our friends up in Barre, where adjoining the living rooms in many houses are yet visible the neat arrangements used in cheese making before the factories came into existence, will dwell with delight on the details of the Dutch methods, and the illustrations of the curd knives and manner of using them; dishing out the whey; drawing the curd, &c., the cheese press and shelves and the various other utensils common to the business.

Even the reader who is not agriculturally inclined will be charmed with the author's historical sketches and accounts of places out of the ordinary American routes, and cannot help but enjoy hugely the chapters about "the Bight of La Manche," and all, of whatever tastes, will be satisfied with the visit to the Channel Islands, Old Jersey, Guernsey and Sark, the accounts of which homes of a peculiar people and race of cattle are fuller than any heretofore given by ancient or modern travellers within our ken.

Col. Waring—as the Secretary of the American Jersey cattle Club and a prominent breeder of those animals naturally should—fairly revels in the charms of these Islands as new to most Americans as this continent to Columbus, and though his own interest was mainly an agricultural one, he enters fully into the natural beauties, histories and peculiarities of the islands and their inhabitants. Old Jersey is to him what New Jersey formerly was to the rest of the United States, a little world by itself, and aside from its peculiar breed of cattle he finds lanes and castles, bays and caverns, towns and villages, churches and hermitages; but his affections cleave to the home-like little farms, few exceeding fifty acres, most of them containing from fifteen to twenty, and the cows bred thereon. "It was for the sake of its cattle that I made my first visit to Jersey as it was for the sake of the rural beauty and historical and social interest which the first visit had revealed that I made a second and longer one." And all interested in Jersey cattle and charming outworks of the world will find a mine developed in this "vacation" of a working farmer of surprising richness. If there is anything more to be told about the Channel Islands and their peculiar customs and breeds of cattle, the gleaning must be very close, for it would seem as if the author had left nothing unsaid, and probably we are indebted to much of the interesting details and the picturesque illustrations of inside farm life and outside habiliments, including wonder striking head-dresses, to the fact that the author was accompanied by his wife—as every man should be who goes abroad.

It is a noticable fact that people who travel with an object, and men of science, and men of literary or professional pursuits, give us the best records even of the matters outside their particular calling, and always interest us in the accounts of the matters they were especially bound to investigate. Such men are generally of trained minds and view things correctly, and confine their attention to matters of moment. Travels like those of Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Henry Holland, of England, Professor Silliman, and other scientific men in this country are far superior to the vapid records of those who merely dot down their doings and seeings to make a book to please the family at home, and for the same reason few works of the kind are more instructive than the records of what an intelligent farmer sees and learns when he goes abroad, and all of us peruse this "Farmer's Vacation" of Col. Waring

THE MILK PRODUCERS AND MILK CONTRACTORS,

**At

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE---BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1876.

from the high value placed upon the good will of milk routes, which was $100 per can. Mr. French said he knew of an instance where $6000 was paid for a route of 100 cans. He thought that the commission amounted to a large salary, larger even, in the instance cited, than that of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Responsible men could be found who would perform the work of the contractors for $2500 a year. Mr. French said he told the contractors that they were a powerful body, and could probably force the producers to submit for the present to their dictation. In closing he advised the producers to do the best they could. Some producers had been able to sell their milk in Boston without dealing with the contractors; others might perhaps be similarly fortunate, but until some better arrangements than the present could be made the majority of producers would have to submit to a reduction of two cents per can for this year at least.

THE CONTRACTORS DEPENDED.

Mark Burns, a milk contractor, was called upon and in response he said that he did not care to enter into a discussion on the subject. He had no doubt that Mr. French was honest in the statements which he had made, but he could not agree with him. The Contractors' Association had discussed the question of price at several meetings, and it was their honest opinion that the reduction asked for should be made. The general business of the country demanded it. Families are not using as much milk, milk-men cannot collect their bills, and the consumers demand a reduction. He believed that it was the desire of the contrac ors to sell milk at the highest possible price; that they would like to pay each producer what he could. Milk is an article which has to be transported in special cars and special trains run for that purpose. It has to be delivered in the morning before breakfast; consumers must have it. The business is a hard one and requires men to work nights and Sundays, and unless they are well paid good and faithful men cannot be had. Upon the subject of consumption he said he was willing to discuss that subject with any of the parties with whom he bought milk, but he declined to discuss it in an open meeting.

THE SUBJECT DISCUSSED.

G. M. Baker said that when the committee met the contractors there was a good feeling and a desire to agree upon a price. He was aware that the contractors had a hard time and that the milk-men were unable to collect their bills. He was opposed to the reduction of the price of milk in Boston He believed that the price could safely be in the hands of the Association and by the Association determined. That the Milk Producers' Association had broken the price by running cars into Boston the speaker pronounced false. He was in favor of placing the matter in the hands of a committee, they to determine the price. A committee composed of twenty of the producers or more producers in New Hampshire and Massachusetts he thought might be selected to settle the matter in the interests of the producers.

Z. Breed, of North Weare, N. H., said that when he first heard of the proposition of the contractors, he said he would not submit to it, and went to work at once to make arrangements to make his milk into butter. He did not propose to submit to the dictations of the contractors as the producers had done immediately after holding these meetings.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

Resolved, That we affirm our confidence in the directors of the Milk Association, and that we approve of their action and will sustain them to the utmost of our ability.

Resolved, That we protest against the determination of the milk contractors to reduce the price of milk paid to the producers, without the reduction of the commission of the contractors, or of the price paid by consumers in Boston, and we shall deem it our duty and privilege to sell our milk to the dealers who shall pay us such terms we can make, either to contractors or consumers.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to take into consideration the question whether any better system for the sale of milk can be devised, and report their action at some future meeting.

Messrs. Z. Breed of Weare, N. H., C. L. Wilder of Lancaster, Mass., and T. J. Everett of Princeton, Mass., were appointed the committee.

The sixth meeting of the course will be held in the Town Hall, Lancaster, Mass., on Wednesday, 22d inst. Topics for discussion, Top-dressing for Meadow and Pasture Lands, and Fertilizers. Several gentlemen have been invited to speak, and the meeting will be one of great interest to all farmers.

DEATH OF WILLIAM S. ROBINSON, "WARRINGTON."

Robinson, the well-known poet, politician and journalist, died at his residence in Malden early on Saturday morning, March 11, from a complication of kidney disorders brought on by overwork. He was born in Concord in 1818, and became familiar with the practical work of newspaper life in the office of the Norfolk County *Advertiser*, a paper published at Dedham, of which his brother Ebrigge G. Robinson, was proprietor and editor. Among his first efforts were the setting up of the manuscript of a letter from Francis W. Bird, and, as he pleasantly remarked in after-years, it was good training in the hieroglyphic line. He returned to Concord and printed the whig paper there, and when this failed he went to Lowell and joined Colonel William Schouler in the editorial management of the *Courier*. In 1848 he succeeded Charles Francis Adams in the editorial care of the *Boston Daily Whig*, the organ of the "conscience whigs," in opposition to the "cotton whigs," who were represented by the Atlas. The late Henry Wilson bought the *Whig*, and it was published by him as a weekly paper under the title of the *Republican*. Mr. Robinson returned to Lowell and became connected with the *Lowell Americ*——, after that enterprise he became connected with the old *Daily Commonwealth*. The *Daily Telegraph* in this city also had a portion of his time. In 1857 he began writing political weekly letters for the *Springfield Republican* over the signature of "Warrington." While the *Commonwealth* was under the charge of Messrs. Stearns & Bird, he was a frequent contributor, and for a few months he was the Boston correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Robinson was an active leader of the republican party, and for many years was secretary of the State Central Committee, though of late years he became an independent of a moderate type. He represented Lowell in the legislature in 1852 and 1853, was secretary of the Constitutional Convention in 1853, reported for the *Telegraph* in the house in 1856, and from 1862 to 1872, inclusive, was clerk of the house. Colonel Charles H. Taylor succeeded him in the clerkship. Mr. Robinson's health became impaired in 1872, but he continued his literary work during the year 1873. His silver wedding came in December of that year, and his friends made it the occasion of a testimonial which was complimentary and substantial. By the advice of Mr. Bird, his life-long friend, Mr. Robinson, with his wife and son, sailed for Liverpool in January, 1874, returning in the following October. The benefit to his health was not very marked. In the fall of 1875, Mr. Robinson placed himself under the charge of Dr. E. E. Denniston, at the water-cure in Northampton, but the disease was too deeply seated, and, after remaining there for many weeks, he returned to his home in Malden, where he died. He leaves a wife, two daughters and a son.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

TO APPLICANTS FOR SPACE.—The Massachusetts commission has issued this important circular to applicants for space:—All of the space having been allotted, unless you have received a permit for space therein not much hope that you will do so, unless you obtain surrendered space. If you surrender the space allotted to you, please do so through the commission, that we may secure its allotment to those who have been disappointed. You should not return your permit for space with your acknowledgment of its acceptance. The permit should be presented by the person you employ to set up your exhibit. If you have accepted space, please notify us of its dimensions.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BUILDING AT THE CENTENNIAL.—The Philadelphia *Press* says: "For Massachusetts a very fine structure has been erected. It is built after the style of the houses that were common to Colonial times, and is quaint looking. It will not fail to attract general attention. The roof is steep, the rear portion being twice as long as the front part, thus making the rear wall considerably shorter than the front. The building is one and a half stories in height, with dormer windows and light and fancy verandas. Over the main entrance there is a covering, which is in keeping with the roof, and is shingled. The building is lathed and plastered outside as well as inside and the timbers painted a deep brown, which gives to the whole the appearance of panels.

THE HUGE BLOCK OF SILVER THAT THE MEXICANS SEND TO THE CENTENNIAL.—The city of Havana brought to New York on Thursday, of last week, a block of pure silver weighing 4,200 pounds and worth $64,000 in gold. The block is a foot in diameter, and has six sides each three feet long. It is perfectly smooth and highly polished. It belongs to Pio Bermejillo & Co., bankers of the City of Mexico, who have consigned it to Gomez, Rionda & Co., of 9 Old slip, to be exhibited among he Mexican products at the Centennial. It was exhibited at the Mexican exhibition in Mexico last year. The silver forming this immense block is said to have been dug from the Real Potosi, one of the oldest mines in Mexico. The treasure lies in a hexagonal house in the hold of the steamship City of Havana. The purser of the Havana says that the silver block, in its box, lay a day and a night unguarded on a wharf at Vera Cruz. "It wouldn't stay long on a wharf in New York," he added. The silver is to be examined by the United States Appraiser, and then it is to be deposited in the New York State Deposit Company's vaults to await orders from the Mexican Centennial Commissioner.

THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS.

As the time draws near for the opening of the Exhibition buildings, there is naturally much anxiety evinced on the part of strangers as to the actual condition of the buildings and surroundings. The Main Exhibition building first claims our attention, and it may be well to state just here that the want of space utterly forbids any attempt to enter into details. Sufficient will be to describe the minor portions of the work; therefore we must pass by a description of the many colors with which this building is adorned and the parts where these colors are applied. Even a description of the designs painted on the upper panes of glass throughout the entire length of the building would take more than a column of our space. So we are forced to omit much that would be instructive, and say that this building is almost finished, and is now ready for exhibitors, although the painters are not quite finished with their labors; the central towers are receiving the finishing touches from the wood workers, and the figures are being placed in position on the upper and outer sec tions of the building.

Machinery Hall has been finished some time since, and the spaces marked off for exhibitors.

M morial Hall or the Art Gallery being entirely of stone, looks as if completed, save alone the entrances and windows and the removal of the scaffolding about it.

Horticultural Hall is finished all save the approaches, and they are being prepared as rapidly as the weather will permit of.

Agricultural Hall, the last of the buildings to be commenced, shows such a great stride towards the finish that it will be ready before spring. Although all of the buildings have shown wonderous strides towards completion at certain phases in their progress, none have been so marked as this one of Agricultural Hall; where was only the mere skeleton building a few months ago, is now a large, strong and commanding structure nearly complet d.

Next in size to the main exhibition buildings is the United States Government building, a beautiful structure, highly ornamented with various designs from the brush of the artistic painter. It commands an attention hardly second to its larger neighbors. Near this building lie some Rodman guns and others of lesser calibre, that are already a marked feature of the grounds; these guns are about to be mounted, and will then be more commanding. Nearly opposite the United States building is the Women's Building, now in the hands of the painters, who will soon transfer it to the future occupants, the fair projectors. On the north side of this building stands the Southern Restaurant, a pecul ar looking building, but one that has a good location. Some distance to the east of the Southern Restaurant, on a line between Horticultural and Agricultural Halls, stands the American Restaurant, in a clump of pines; it too is in the hands of the painters. Near the Northeast corner of Horticultural Hall is the German Restaurant, standing so as to command one of the finest views of the Schuylkill; of this the same can be said as of the others—receiving the finishing touches.

The British Buildings are finished, as also are the Judges Pavilion, the Photographers Building, and some few others we do not call to mind.

It is not alone in the buildings that so much progress has been shown, but the grounds bear a marked improvement, and all fears of backwardness are now dispelled and the beauty of the surroundings will be quite in keeping with the grandeur of the buildings.

The buildings mentioned are only a small number, as there are many either commenced, or about to be commenced, and we shall give full descriptions of these in the future, if progress seems to warrant.—*Centennial Gazette.*

A NOTED RACER.

Gladiateur had outlived his reputation, and for the last three or four years, he was a complete failure at the stud, and has not been the sire of a single animal which has made anything of a name for himself. A few of his offspring has won several sweepstakes and small handicaps, but he has not been credited with any of the great races. It is difficult to give any reasons for this failure, as he had every thing in his favor, and can only be ascribed to that "lottery of breeding" which the most cursory perusal of racing records shows to be reality. The Flying Dutchman, Surplice, Daniel O'Rouke and West Australian were all good horses on the turf,—the last mentioned, without national vanity be it said, better, perhaps, than at the stud. But, however Gladiateur may have belied expectation as a sire, there is no gainsaying his goodness as a race horse. His two-year-old performances were but moderate, and when in his first race as a three-year-old he could only beat Archimedes and the "roaring" Lidnington by two necks for the two thousand guineas, the Derby still seemed an "open" race. How well he easily won enough, but here again the objection was raised that he "beat nothing." It must be admitted that Christmas Carol and Eothan, who finished second and third, were animals as bad as ever obtained a place at Epsom, but he could do no more than beat them in a canter. He then crossed the Channel, and won the Grand Prix de Paris; and, after securing a couple of small races at Goodwood, came out for the St. Leger and beat Regalia, winner of the Oaks, whose owner objected to him on the ground of his being over age. Gladiateur made another successful journey to Longchamps, and came back to win the Newmarket Derby, but to be beaten for the Cambridgeshire, with the welter weight of 9st 12 lb. In the course of his four year old career he won the Ascot Cup from Regalia and Bredalbane, the rapidity with which he made up his lost ground in this race being something astonishing; and it is held by many good judges that his victory on that occasion is more to his credit than all his three year old triumphs. His last race was at Longchamps in the same autumn when he won a race now named the Prix Gladiateur, but he was not ridden by Grimshaw, for that jockey, who had ridden him in all his other races, had been thrown from a dog-cart and killed a few days before. West Australian and Lord Lyon have won the two thousand guineas, the Derby, and the St. Leger; but Gladiateur secured, in addition to these prizes, the Grand Prix de Paris, which, however, did not exist in West Australian's time, and for which Lord Lyon was not entered. Purchased by Mr. Blenkiron at the sale of Count de Lagrange's stud during the war, he was sold on Mr. Blenkiron's death to Captain Ray and a friend for little more than half the sum which Blair Athol, who was a year his senior, fetched the same afternoon. And though the "pale faced" chestnut cost five thousand guineas odd more than "the Frenchman," he was by far the cheaper horse.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

EGYPT AND ABYSSINIA.

London, March 13—2 P. M.—A postscript edition of the *News* contains the following:—

Alexandria Egypt, Sunday March 12—9:45 P. M.—"On Wednesday night last, the Abyssinian army crossed the river Decasas (Dekka) and attacked the entrenched camp of the Egyptian army, when severe fighting took place. On Thursday the Abyssinians were repulsed and retreated to Adowa. King Kassa, the Grand Vizier, six chiefs and 5000 Abyssirians are reported to have been killed in the trenches. Prince Hassan and General Loring (an English officer) in the Abyssinian army escaped unhurt. Kahli Pasha was wounded. The Egyptian losses were heavy, but their victory was co mplete."

FRANCE.

Paris, March 12—*Evening.*—A meeting of republican senators and deputies was held this evenin,, and 300 being present. They resolved to uphold the resolutions previously taken, affirming the necessity of superseding those functionaries opposed to the republic. Gambetta made a speech insisting upon the necessity of this measure. Referring to the new ministry, he said the republican party should await its acts and programme without distrust, but also without confidence.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

Panama, March 4.—The presidents of Guatemala and Salvador have made a bond of peace. The fallen President, Leiva of Honduras, is still struggling to regain his post. His forces are said to have gained success, but the revolutionary President, Medina, seems strong enough to finally triumph. The Nicaraguan Congress has authorized a loan of $70,000 and an army of 5000 men. The army of observation on the Honduras frontier has been greatly increased in consequence of the attitude of Nicaragua on the boundary question. President Guardia has submitted to the Costa Rica Congress the question of preparing for war. It reported against the measure.

THE FLOODS IN HUNGARY.

London, March 13.—A despatch from Pesth says the waters show no signs of subsiding, and the distress is increasing. A large dam has burst, and 50,000 additional acres, on which are several villages, are inundated.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1876.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The intermarriage law has been before the House, with a view to cover the Parton and similar cases, but was rejected, as amended, by a decisive vote. Reports from various Committees have been presented; and in reference to the thickness of partition and the height of party walls; one in reference to inventories of personal property by assessors, for the use of assessors in other towns and cities in the States; and sundry others of minor importance. The affairs of the Eastern Railroad are before the railroad Committee. The Boston and Chicago Railroad Trust Company is also before the Committee for a hearing. Amendments to the liquor law have been under discussion in the Senate.

CONGRESS.

The Pinchback case has been finally decided by the rejection of Pinchback's c aims to a seat in the Senate. The Senate likewise refused to concur with the House in reducing the salary of the President to its former figure, $25,000. New Mexico has been voted as a State into the Union by a vote of the Senate. The House has yet to act upon it. The bill to regulate the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President is again before the Senate. A recusant witness, Hallett Kilbourn, has been brought to the bar of the House and committed to jail, for refusing to produce the records of the Washington real estate pool. The anti-compulsory pilotage bill has failed of success in the House. The question of the issue of silver coin is still undecided, and the fractional currency runs very low. The question of the rights of the States and of the Federal Government was brought up afresh by the introduction of two sets of resolutions. The nomination of R. H. Dana, Jr., as Minister to England is strongly opposed by the Senate Committee, and, it is expected that the President will be obliged to withdraw it. The impeachment of Secretary Belknap is delayed by lack of witnesses.

BOWLDER BUILDINGS.

Doubtless the lecture of Dr. Nichols before the State Board of Agriculture, on the origin and utilization of bowlder stones, which was given in last week's *Ploughman*, was read with thoughtful attention by all farmers and country dwellers into whose hands it came. It is a subject that deserves all the attention that can properly be given to it, for it concerns questions of economy, durability, picturesqueness, and country character. The cheapness of the project is its prime recommendation. The farmer in New England who cannot get bowlder stones enough together to construct the walls of a home, deserves to "go west" at the public expense to communicate the feet to the prairie dwellers who visit this section only to ridicule its stoniness. This lecture is no problem, so long unsolved, of what was to be done with the loose stones that are sown so thicky around our fields and farms.

Making them up into stone walls and erecting them into pyramids in the mowing fields and pastures does not visibly diminish their number. Wilson Flagg, a lover of country life in New England, insists that these same stone walls form an essential element of picturesqueness in the landscape. Now, if, in addition to the walls, we should have our country homes chiefly constructed of these stones, which it is asserted can be done at less cost than their construction of wood, the picturesque feature becomes very greatly increased. And not only that, but the look of domestic comfort, and the sense of home stability would be wonderfully strengthened by the change. Had the original settlers been possessed of this sensible idea, an idea that springs out of the very ground itself, what a landscape would we not have to show in New England to-day, dotted with solid looking homes that had lasted and answered for a long line of generations?

WHAT THE TIMES REQUIRE.

It is not simply economy and retrenchment in public matters that is required, in view of what has recently been brought to light, but a more elevated tone of feeling in all things. Not more elegance precisely, men of more fixed and firm rules of conduct, and a removal of the gigantic temptations that beset them are essential to the reform which demands our first attention. Society is called upon to search out its own faults unsparingly, and to lay down anew the principle that realities, and not resemblances, are to be the fashion for the future.

The Old South and the 17th—The ladies of Boston take full possession of the Old South Church on the 17th, and as we make up the present issue of the *Ploughman*, all the preparations are completed for throwing it open to the public on that day. The idea is a fine one, and thousands will enter the sacred old building, and read with interest the historic inscription on the front, for the sufficient reason that it was occupied by the British officers and desecrated by being used for a riding arena, during the single winter that Boston was in possession of the army of Gage. The exercises of Evacuation Day within the hallowed walls of this venerable edifice are to be rather informal than ceremonious, but there will be good speaking heard, and we doubt not some that will be worthy of the echoes of that of Warren and Adams in the days of the patriots. A visit to Boston on Evacuation Day will not be considered complete without crossing the threshold of an ancient structure that played a prominent part in the opening days of the Revolution. Governor Rice, ex-Governors Gaston and Emory Washburn, Mayor Cobb, Honorables R. C. Winthrop, Charles Francis Adams, Josiah Quincy, M. P. Wilder, Leverett Saltonstall, Martin Brimmer, Richard Frothingham, the Revs. R. V. Waterston, G. W. Blagden, George Putnam, E. E. Hale, J. Freeman Clarke, J. M. Manning, Judges Devens and Hoar, Samuel Drake, N. Silsbee, W. G. Prescott, Roger Wolcott, Edward Pickering, H. W. Longfellow, James T. Fields, Esqs., the President and fellows of Harvard College, members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and many other distinguished persons are invited to be present.

Death of a Journalist.—The death, on Saturday last, of Wm. S. Robinson ("Warrington") at his residence in Malden, was not altogether unexpected to his friends, who had been cognizant of his prolonged ill health. Mr Robinson had been intimately connected with the press of Massachusetts for fully thirty years. He was for some ten or twelve successive years Clerk of the House of Representatives, and was equally well known as the Boston Correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, under the pseudonym of "Warrington,"—a character of Thackeray. He visited Europe some two years ago, but his health had visibly failed since his return. His friends made him up a purse of $5000 on the occasion, just previously, of his silver wedding. Of late, Mr. Robinson was not actively engaged on the press. He had been an active influence in politics from his advent to manhood, and was identified with the Free Soil movement, to all of which or organization he was intimately known. Doubtless the death of Sumner, Wilson, Dr. Howe, and the rest of that band of men was not without a dispiriting influence. He had reached the age of fifty-eight.

Prof. Seelye on the Currency.—The new member of Congress from Massachusetts, whose original distinction it was that his election cost him only a single three-cent postage stamp, has made a speech on the currency question in the House, that shows how clear is his head and how hard is his sense. Congress will be well schooled on this subject by going to him for instruction in sound principles. He remarked that resumption can be reached in only three ways,—by hoarding gold, by funding greenbacks, and by repudiation. Of these three modes but one is practicable, and that is the middle one. He said he had no idea we should ever repudiate. Nor does he think it possible to reserve a sufficient coin from our customs revenue to make paper convertible into it. The only way was to withdraw greenbacks by offering in exchange for them an interest-bearing bond, both principal and interest, payable in coin. "We must reduce," said Prof. Seelye, "the actual volume of our present currency in order to make specie payments possible. If it pinches, if it pain us, if it plunges us in distresses which for the time may seem intolerable, we have got to bear it if we get back to specie payments and a healthy state of business again."

The Poet Bryant.—This venerable man, now in his eighty-second year, divides his time between New York, his country residence at Roslyn, L. I., and his native place in Cummington, Mass. He spends August and September in the latter place, and from December to May in New York City. On the 1st of May he goes to Roslyn, where his wife rich in Providence personal life, in the midst of his flowers, and vegetables, and vines, and chickens, he passes away the summer months, with a trip to town twice a week, for a day at a time. His carriages and horses are for his friends, who call on him in large numbers; as for himself, he goes on foot, as a true poet always prefers. Indeed, it is said of him that he never rides. In that way he sees all there is to be seen in Nature, and comes close to it. He comes of long-lived stock, and, accidents excepted, is believed to be wound up for ninety, at least. One would not take him from his walk and his manner of transacting business, to be over sixty-five. It is surmised that he is writing a poem that shall be worthy of the Centennial Year. He threatens—in a few years!—to give us an anglish versification of Virgil's Georgics.

The Free Soup Principle.—It is very seriously debated whether the modern system of furnishing free soup during the winter months is a a sound one. The *Nation*, a weekly journal of great weight, remarks on this matter that free soup embodies the entire subsidy principle. It tersely says that "many of the national evils of the day are traceable to the present day belong to that political system of which free soup may be regarded as the index, or the initiatory step, or the logical outcome, according to the point of view of the observer." And moreover, it says, "we contend that the daily gift of food to the most dangerous classes of our cities not only gives them a wholly erroneous conception of the relation which government should hold to them, but that it also encourages analagous erroneous beliefs in more powerful and more intelligent classes." Certain mayors of cities have this season informed the laborer without work that the city government is nowise bound to furnish work to supply his necessities. The *Nation* insists that such declarations be repeated and emphasized on all proper occasions, and a very few years would witness a healthy and fixed change in public opinion.

Hanging in Secret.—A rather good measure is before the Maryland Legislature. It proposes to make legal executions absolutely secret, no newspaper reporters to be admitted, and those who may be invited to witness executions being forbidden to tell anything that transpired under the risk of a penalty of five hundred dollars. An execution being over, all the Sheriff has to do is to post a bulletin on the outside of the prison or jail, to the effect that it has legally taken place. If the public can only be made certain that the law is satisfied, it would be an excellent experiment to try. It is strenuously contend d that the effect of hangings, as at present conducted, is every way bad upon the criminal classes. If they were to know beyond the ghost of a doubt that a condemned murderer had paid the forfeit of his crime, yet were forever prohibited from knowing any of the details, no doubt their morbid curiosity would be greatly checked and the deep mystery in which the murderer's fate was involved would work a profounder influence upon them than any publication of the horrible details which now seem but to incite them to rivalry in crime.

Gen. Sherman on Living.—What Old Tecumseh says generally has a spicy flavor to it. No man is more frank and outspoken, or oftener hits the nail on the head. His entire salary as General of the Army is $16,500, and he says that while he lived in Washington he exceeded it by many thousands of dollars annually. He was obliged to keep open house, and to entertain people he neither knew nor cared for, and the most of whom he was never to see again. In addition to this, he considers that Washington is no place to bring up a family. So he pulled up stakes and moved out to St. Louis. He says there are but two men in the Cabinet who are possessed of large enough fortunes to be entirely indifferent to their salaries, and they are Fish and Chandler. The former enjoys an income of $250,000 a year, and lives at the rate of $70,000, the most of which enormous expense is incurred by the practise of entertaining. As for himself, he was sick and tired of such a life, which really held out so few solid attractions. When one sees the inside of such matters he is very apt to be satisfied with a style of frugal and dignified simplicity. It wears best and yields the most real happiness.

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READ AND RUN.

—The Old South Church Committee have been applied to for permission, by the Boston artists, to exhibit their proposed contribution of pictures to the Centennial in the Church, before they are taken to Philadelphia.

—The President's brother Orville has been testifying before the Congressional Committee on the expenditures of the War Department.

—The petition for the pardon of Count Von Arnim has been refused.

—The scheme for getting up an Egyptian National Bank has fallen through.

—It is reported that a regular organization exists in this country, with ramifications in the different cities, for furnishing professional witnesses and juries.

—A shower of what is called "quivering flesh" is said to have fallen in Kentucky. We have heard of these things before.

—In the Tweed case, the jury brought in a verdict for six and a half millions against him, he being absent in parts unknown.

—The Savings Banks exhibit in New York, in the matter of deposits, shows an improvement on last year.

—The Milk Producers' Convention, last week, at Ayer Junction, gave general satisfaction to those present.

—The French Cabinet has been reconstructed, in harmony with the spirit of the recent elections.

—There have been but fifty million feet of lumber cut on the Kennebec this season, whereas there were one hundred millions cut last season.

—The carpet, piano and sewing machine trades are reported to be prosperous in these times.

—Niagara Falls has attracted wide attention since the recent severe gale by which they were affected.

—Brother Badger, of the *Maine Farmer*, has been nominated for Mayor of Belfast.

—Brussells, in Belgium, has been having its bank defalcation like all the rest of us.

—Colorado got to come in as a State in July and New Mexico is on the road.

—Gov. Rice, like Gov. Gaston, declined to review arms-bearing organizations that paraded on St. Patrick's Day.

—The coming men appear to be Minister Schenck and Forger Winslow.

—A war has broken out between Japan and Corea.

—The prospects in the Pennsylvania coal regions are improving for the miners

—The Compulsory Pilotage Bill is still in debate before Congress.

—Eggs at present are abundant and cheap.

—Forty millions reduction in the sum total of the annual appropriations, is what they seriously talk in Congress.

—The wife of Hon. Ginery Twichell died last week in Brookline.

—As a mere matter of news, bonnets with ample crowns and coming close about the ears are introduced for old ladies. Well, why shouldn't such bonnets be worn by "old ladies" always?

—The picture galleries of the dealers are filled with bright and pleasant attractions.

—Rev. Dr. Storrs is about to lead what is styled a revolutionary movement in Congregationalism.

—An old Napoleonic soldier lives in New York, at the age of 110 years. A dinner was given him by a number of persons last week, on the occasion of his birthday.

—The Northwest appears to be the favorite playing ground for the hurricanes and tornadoes.

—The printers of New York are on a strike, owing to a reduction in their wages.

—Prof. Seelye said, in his admirable little speech in Congress on the currency, that we must fund our greenbacks or repudiate them.

—We regret to have to record that there is a prospect of the Mercantile Library's going to pieces.

—Weston, the walkist, is said to take his whiskey from his boots. It probably doesn't make him stagger as much as if he took it at the other end.

—Another boy has recently fallen to the lot of Carl Schurz, in the capacity of father.

—That shower of fresh meat in Kentucky makes up into a queer story, but they under take to verify it by assuring us that samples of it have been sent to chemists for analysis.

—Gen. Rufus Ingalls explains that the watch he gave Mrs. Grant was a mere "trinket," and didn't keep good time. Then he ought to be told at once that he made a lady a very mean sort of present.

—A wag observes in an exchange that if, as is often said, figures won't lie, the figures of some women do.

—Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, was seventy-seven years old last week.

—Strawberries from Florida are getting to be twice a week, for a day at a time. His carriages and horses are for his friends, who call on him in large numbers; as for himself, he goes on foot, as a true poet always prefers. Indeed, it is said of him that he never rides. In that way he sees all there is to be seen in Nature, and comes close to it. He comes of long-lived stock, and, accidents excepted, is believed to be wound up for ninety, at least. One would not take him from his walk and his manner of transacting business, to be over sixty-five. It is surmised that he is writing a poem that shall be worthy of the Centennial Year. He threatens—in a few years!—to give us an anglish versification of Virgil's Georgics.

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Currency Legislation.—Congress is so slow in making up its mind what to do, that fears are very generally expressed that it will finally do nothing at all in relation to the improvement of the currency. Is is said that there are some three thousand bills now awaiting consideration and action, but recent events and the consequent agitation do not tend to encourage the hope of any very positive action. The brief speech of Representative Seelye has been as marked a feature as any on the floor, since the session began, so far as the currency question is concerned. The majority caucus appears to be divided upon it, and bills are threatened, without any regard to the Committee unless something is introduced pretty shortly. The Payne bill, so far, appears to have the preference, and that does away with the date for resumption already fixed, which is a fatal objection to any measure. Let us keep a promise of this kind once made; if we discover that it cannot be redeemed for lack of the suitable agencies, then it is our plain duty to promptly provide them. It will be a sad mistake for Congress to give the currency question the go-by at its present session, whatever may be the stress of party interests on either side.

Inebriate Asylum.—The Asylum a Binghamton, as also the one near this city, is doing a good work, and deserves, as our own does, the aid that can be rendered it in every way. It is stated that over one half of all the confirmed drunkards that resort to the Binghamton Asylum are permanently cured of their diseased appetite, which is done simply by abstinence sufficiently protracted to beget habits of sober reflection, and to put in operation the law of self control. It is something better than a pledge merely, for it reaches farther down into the nature and rises higher up. Many of the men who enter these truly benevolent institutions are without hope and utterly broken in spirit. Their self respect is gone, and they have literally nothing in the world to look forward to. They give it up, feeling that all further power to resist their morbid appetite is lost. For all that, the actual statistics of that Asylum show that it is at least an even chance for the person who has hitherto deemed his case a hopeless one.

The Flesh Shower.—The reign of sensations continues, and the West, as usual, keeps the lead. This time it is Kentucky's turn, in a certain locality of which State there has been a well-attested shower of what was described as "quivering flesh." Now flesh of itself is bad enough, or rather shocking enough, but "quivering" flesh is a touch even beyond that. This flesh out of the sky is said to have covered two acres of ground, in Bath County, and to have borne a striking resemblance to mutton, leaving traces of blood on the trees and fences which were touched by the falling flakes. Chickens and hogs devoured it with evident relish. The heavens at the time were clear, the sun shone, and only a few floating clouds were visible at the time this meat shower occurred, which was at about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th of March. Specimens of the flesh have been sent in different directions for chemical analysis That sent to Louisville was pronounced by a competent person to be without question animal matter. Affidavits to the truth of the story are pledged by the hundreds. It is a miracle, if authenticated.

—The question of gas or kerosene is becoming a rather lively one, as it is certainly a practical one, in different cities. Lynn is now taking its turn.

—Hon. Moses Kimball is to retire from the Legislature and from public life, and to be absent in Europe for a couple of years.

—The Boston and Albany Railroad investigation will probably cost the State some $1500.

—Massachusetts is to have fifty per cent. more room awarded her for her educational exhibition at the Centennial.

—Mr. Orville Grant's explanations to the Congressional Committee are not very much to his credit.

—Caleb P. Marsh, the fatal Belknap witness, is still in Montreal.

—Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, has come out very flat against the Advisory Council.

—By the burning of the almshouse in Norwich, Conn., last Sunday, fourteen elderly persons were burned to death.

—The safe-burglary conspiracy in Washington is now all out, by the confession of Nettleship, one of the parties to the conspiracy.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.—Says the *Worcester Spy*: Judge Alphonso Taft, the new Secretary of War, is a native of Worcester, Mass. He is a descendant of Samuel Hayward and Captain Josiah Chapin of Mendon, thus constituting him a member of both the Taft and Chapin families, as mentioned in this journal. The former was held at Uxbridge, August 12, 1874, when the historical and genealogical address, a very able and eloquent one, referring to the early history of the Old Mendon, of which the original Robert Taft was one of the first settlers, was delivered by the new Secretary of War. Fowler, or rather Secretary of War, is one of Hiram Rawson Taft, thus bringing him within the circle of the numerous Rawson family, descended from the celebrated Secretary of State, Edward Rawson. Children, to Townsend, Windham County, Vt., where Alphonso, the only child of his father and mother, was born, in 1810. Alphonso's father was successively Judge of the Probate Court and the County Court of Windham county, Vt., besides holding other prominent positions. About twenty-five or thirty years ago he emigrated to Ohio with his son, with whom he resided until his death in 1867, aged eighty-two years. His son has been for many years Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and held the new position to add additional lustre to the celebrated Taft, Chapin and Rawson families. At the reunion at Uxbridge, August 12, 1874, Judge Taft was chosen first Vice President of the Taft Family Association.

THE LATE WILLIAM S. ROBINSON.—A writer in the *Springfield Republican*, says the decease of which "Warrington" died has baffled physicians and friends. It was first supposed to be an affection of the throat, but the disease continued to the last clear and bright, and the trouble only seemed to be with the physical machinery that operated it, this opinion was abundantly confirmed after exceptional tests for it was ever made, however The disease is most likely to have been an affection of the liver, or possibly of the kidneys, sending a subtle poison on its way through the whole frame-work of life. Until its appearance he had never been an invalid, and was not a "doctor's man" at all. No man could be more simple in his personal habits and tastes than he was. He had no education, so to speak, for the table, eating only naturally and larily of the simple and customary dishes, and never drinking wine or spirit of any kind, nor using tobacco in any form. Indeed, he was absolutely the natural man in all these respect; and so had neither the temptation nor the hindrance of personal appetites to holding and expressing the most radical anti-sumptuary law principles.

COUGHS.—A MEDICINAL PREPARATIO IN THE form of a *lozenge* is the most convenient. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," allay irritation which induces coughing, giving relief in Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, Consumptive and Asthmatic complaints.

A FEW WORDS TO FEEBLE AND DELICATE WOMEN.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's" Common Sense Medical Adviser," et

☞ *Evacuation Day* was yesterday in this city, and as we went to press the preparations for its observance were making with great enthusiasm. Boston is never apt to forget what belongs to her heroes and patriots.

☞ The elegant new building of the Young Men's Christian Union of this city was dedicated Wednesday afternoon. Addresses were made by Governor Rice, Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Henry P. Kidder and Wm. H. Baldwin, President of the Union. Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Rev. Dr. Neale, Rev. Dr. Miner, and Rev. James Reed also participated in the exercises.

☞ Our *retail* merchants are looking up considerably from the dullness of the past, and are disposed to be encouraged. A cheerful spirit, if possible, is the best one to face these times with.

☞ The late Wm. S. Robinson ("Warrington") was buried at Concord, in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, on Tuesday afternoon.

☞ We are indebted to Hon. W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, for a copy of his speech in the House of Representatives on The Financial Problem.

☞ E. b. Treat, No. 805 Broadway, N. Y. publishes *Centennial American History* in the shape of a little box that contains fifty games, all of which unfold different points and introduce well known characters in our Revolutionary History. It is a decided novelty and a good thing. Price 75 cents, sent by mail.

☞ We call attention to the advertisement of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Land Commissioner, in another column. The grant of Congress to the Company is conceded to be "the best thing in the West," of its kind Send for a copy of the Commissioner's book.

BOSTON UNION INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.—Among the many worthy charities with which our city abounds we notice one that already bids fair to be eminently successful in carrying out the ideas of the founders of an institution established *for the general good* of the deserving poor—those who are willing to work if employment can be furnished them, we refer to the Boston Union Industrial Association, No. 375 Tremont street. Dwight Wheelock, Esq., is the Superintendent; D. Sargent, Esq., Assistant Superintendent.

WHAT A THOUSAND DOLLARS WILL DO.—It will buy a farm of one hundred and sixty acres in one of the most fertile sections of the United States. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company, of Kansas, offer the greatest inducements to settlers on their lands. Their road is completed, is paying all its interest on bonds, &c., out of earnings, and is one of the most prosperous as well as one of the most extensive enterprises in the West. Drop a postal card to A. S. Johnson, Land Commissioner, Topeka, Kan., and see what you will get in return. Ask for pamphlet concerning the location, quality and price of lands.

☞ We call the attention of our readers to the announcement in another column of "Chapman's Railway Pitching Apparatus," for which Mr. James T. Johnson, No. 93 Water Street, Boston, is General Agent. Though this apparatus has only been seven years in the market, having always proved to be ahead of anything placed in competition with it, it claims now to be the best "Pitching Apparatus" in the world. It took a premium, both at the New York and the late New England Agricultural Fairs, which fact alone would highly recommend it. Those farmers, who intend to purchase such an apparatus, and do not live at too remote a distance, can have it sent on trial, the proprietors even offering to pay the return freight on the same if not satisfactory. On application to Mr. Johnson, pamphlets will be furnished, which contain numerous testimonials of high character, as also references of whom would-be purchasers can inquire as to the practical working of this apparatus.

☞ MESSRS. WALTER BAKER & Co. have published a very stylish little Book for gratuitous distribution, in connection with the exhibition of their goods at Philadelphia next summer. The book contains fifty games, recipes of the Cocoa tree, from the fruit of which cocoa and chocolate are manufactured; an account from Prescott and other historians of the extensive use of cocoa by the Montezuma Indians; the fruit, botany of and as a measure of value; the opinions of eminent physicians as to the dietary properties of cocoa, and the various articles manufactured by Walter Baker & Co., and the methods of preparing them for domestic use; and a number of choice receipts for delicacies of all kinds, made in part from cocoa paste and chocolate. To give the work a permanent value they have included some information of general interest, namely:—A List of the Officers throughout the United States; the American Ministers to foreign countries; a list of the States, with their areas, populations, capitals, governors and salaries; the states actually reigning, with their ages and dates of accession, compiled from the *Almanach de Gotha* for the present year.

WHAT IS VEGETINE?—It is a compound extracted from barks, roots and herbs. It is Nature's Remedy. It is perfectly harmless, and will restore to perfect health any human being that can be restored. It gives a good, sweet sleep at night. It is a great panacea for our sick ladies and mothers; for it gives them strength, and makes new blood, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep—as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the great Blood Purifier. It is a soothing remedy for our children. Parents feel the relief that Vegetine has embraced it by taking 3 to 5 bottles. Vegetine is entirely free from the use of mercury, iodide of potash, or any other poisonous drug. Vegetine is for sale by druggists. Price for fair to good, $1; extra fine, $1.50. There were sold about 600 bottles

The Poet's Corner.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

I am the flower that every age has sung,
My name has trembled on the unwilling tongue;
'Midst sad farewells how mournfully has rung
Forget-me-not.

I imagine best the heaven's eternal blue!
Though transient clouds may hide it from the view,
It shineth still, faith a never-changing hue,
Forget-me-not.

The restless brook, the river's deeper flow,
Beside my quiet home still come and go;
I kiss the waters, murmuring soft and low
Forget-me-not.

The birds above me hovering on the wing
List the hushed whisper, and the woodlands ring
With the light coral as they answering sing,
Forget-me-not.

The laughing oddies hastening to the sea
With rippling echoes mock the symphony,
The rude winds toss it on their pinions free,
Forget-me-not.

And human voices catch the sweet refrain,
In loving accents fraught with human pain,
Repeating still the never-dying strain,
Forget-me-not.

Ladies' Department.

GISBERT AND GILLIAN.

A LOVE STORY.

WITH A FAIRY GODMOTHER AND A FAIRY PRINCE IN IT.

In an antiquated street of the queerest and quaintest of all New England towns—I mean the old seaport of Marblehead—stood the house. Tall, steep roofed, and many windowed, with its face to the rocky harbor, and its back, as it seemed, turned on the cottages of the shoemakers and fishermen, it wore always an air of antique grandeur and gentility, quite in keeping with the character of its owner; for Capt. Elkanah Endicott, master of the staunch trader Mary Jane, and a lineal descendent of that Massachusetts governor who hung the Quakers upon Boston Common, was as proud and uncompromising a tyrant as ever trod a quarter deck. A wide hall stretched through the house, with broad, shallow stairs, and tiled fireplace painted with scriptural scenes. All the rooms were wainscotted, and crossed by massive beams. Beautiful foreign knick-knacks abounded in them, along with chairs and chests of drawers, as old as Cotton Mather's time. The windows had deep cushioned seats, wherein Gillian, the sole daughter of the house, was wont to sit and watch the coasters and fishing boats, and listen to the wild easterly storms rioting up and down the crazy, straggling streets of the town.

'She is like her father,' Aunt Constance was wont to say, 'but with a difference.'

The captain's wife had been dead for many years. His household consisted of his daughter, his sister-in-law, who acted as housekeeper and governess, and Keturah, who had served the family for half a century. Gillian was just thirteen when Capt. Elkanah wrote from Martinique the following letter, which a homeward bound ship brought in due season to the Marblehead house:—

Dear Sister-in-Law: I take my pen in hand to let you and the little one know that the Mary Jane and I are anchored safe in Port Royal harbor after a perilous voyage, wherein we nearly foundered in a hurricane in the Carribbian, and also lost, at Santa Cruz, two seamen by yellow jack, which misfortunes I ascribe to the rage in which I got with Keturah, and the oaths I let fly at her about packing my sea chest, on the day I left Marblehead.

I wish you to give her a Spanish doubloon out of my strong box, and tell her to send me favoring winds and good health, and I'll remember her still further when I come.

Last night I went ashore to dine at the house of my old friend, M. St. Cyr, the richest planter on the island, and a member of the privy council. He is in great trouble about his son, a likely, mettlesome lad, who has been reading too many sea yarns, and is wild in consequence, to become a sailor. Madame St. Cyr, the daughter of the governor, and the grandest lady on the island, had thought to send the boy, this same year, to France, to there complete his education, and marry his cousin, and she is almost out of her wits. As young Gisbert will listen to no reason, Monsieur and madame have decided to carve him of his folly by sending him on a voyage with me, which, be sure, I shall take care to make a bitter pill for his proud, young stomach. Get the house ready for a guest, for I shall bring him when I come. He is sixteen years old, and so well bred that he will give you no trouble. You may expect us about the middle of March. Yours to command, ELKANAH ENDICOTT.

'Martinique!' meditated Aunt Constance, as she smoothed the letter out upon her knee, 'that is one of the Carribbee islands. The people are French creoles. Poor boy! we must do our best to give him a hearty welcome.'

'I hope he is nice,' said Gillian, knitting her smooth brows; 'I am sure he must be, if he is fond of sea stories. Papa will make him scour the decks, and climb the masts in storms, and all that, I suppose.'

'Very likely. Run, my dear, and get the doubloon.' Gillian ran to the cabinet, where the captain's strong box was kept, and brought the gold piece twinkling in her hand.

'News, Keturah! news from papa!' she cried, flying off to the kitchen.

Capt. Elkanah might boast descent from a Massachusetts governor—Keturah, his servant, was the daughter of the Massachusetts witch. Their blood still showed in her high cheek bones and black, deep-set eyes, and in the brown skin which hung upon her neck like tanned leather. She was an old woman,—100 years old at the very least, it seemed to Gillian. She always wore a cotton gown of bright pattern, a scarlet handkerchief pinned upon her bosom, and a necklace of colored beads. Aunt Constance called her a witch. Capt. Elkanah—superstitious like all sailors—held her in wholesome awe. Gillian, whose nurse she had been, loved her.

'Keturah,' she said, waltzing across the hearth, 'did you send the hurricane and the fever to papa's ship because he swore at you the day he went away?'

'The hurricane and the fever! They are God's messengers. Would they come or go at my bidding, do you think?'

'Oh!' he breathed in slow delight, 'who are you?'

'I am Gillian,' she answered—'Gillian Endicott.'

'Shall I see you as long as I stay here?'

'Every day.'

'Ciel! what happiness!' he murmured, and fell back fainting again.

This was how he came to the old northern seaport; Aunt Constance petted him with motherly tenderness; even Capt. Elkanah was kind; and as for Gillian, from the first hour of his arrival the two adored each other.

One day they quarrelled. Gisbert took his flute and went off to a lonely corner, and began to play a wild, wailing improvisation, which pierced to the window where Gillian sat sulking. She would not turn or look. He played on awhile, the sweet notes growing sadder and sadder, but still she did not heed. Then he flung the instrument from him, and crossed to her side.

'If you do not forgive me at once,' he hissed through his teeth, 'I will throw myself from the rocks.'

'You dare not!'

His violet eyes grew black with rage.

'Do you mean that?' Eh bien—you shall see!' said he.

And turning on his heel, he was tearing off in very truth, when she, following after, flung herself upon him.

'Stop,' she sobbed—'oh, stop, Gisbert! I only am to blame. Forgive me!'

He snatched her in his arms, and kissed away her tears.

'Ah! have I made yon weep?' he cried, remorsefully.

'Why do you treat me so? When you are kind to me, I am in heaven; when you flout me, I am ready to die.'

On another occasion, when Aunt Constance was taking her peaceful after dinner nap, this pair of young creatures slipped out of the house and flitted till they reached a wharf, where Gisbert, who had a plentiful supply of pocket money, hired a boat. The two scrambled into it, and, having set the sail, went dancing off through the sunshine.

'You love the sea,' cried Gillian, 'and so do I—oh, so much! Let us go on a voyage together.'

'To do that,' said Gisbert, 'we must have a compass and a bag of sea buscuit.'

'We can stop for them at the nearest port.'

He looked doubtfully across the gray waters.

'If you wish it, that is enough; I will go with you to the end of the world.'

Then a flaw of wind struck the boat and capsized it, and the next instant the two were struggling in the water. The French lad rose to the surface like a duck, and struck out for a crop of hazel hair floating on a great wave near by. He seized it as it was sinking, and held it fast. The tide was setting strong against him; the shore looked far, far away. Nevertheless, he struck for it gallantly.

'Let me go!' cried Gillian; 'you will drown if you do not!'

'Then I will drown,' he answered, holding her closer still.

He was a superb swimmer, but the odds were fearfully against him.

'Save yourself!' still entreated Gillian.

'Never—without you,' he replied indignantly.

Some fishermen in a distant boat had witnessed the calamity. They tacked now, and came gallantly to the rescue. More dead than alive, the two were drawn out of the water and carried back to the house.

They sat battling, one night, over a set of superb chessmen which Gisbert had brought from Martinique, when Aunt Constance began to talk to her guest about his island home.

'You will go back to your dear mother,' said she, 'and never again think of the sea.'

'Ah, madame, how could I think of you and Gillian, and not of the sea which will be between us.'

'Well, you will never again cross mamma's wishes?'

He hesitated; the blood leaped into his blonde face.

'I cannot promise that, for she has set her heart upon marrying me to my cousin.'

Gillian looked up quickly.

'And do you wish it?' asked she.

'No,' said Prince Perfect.

'Do you not love her?' urged Gillian.

He cast down his eyes. and looked red and rebellious.

'She is rich in Paris. She is a great heiress; but she has also a crooked back. No, I do not love her; it was to escape her that I wished to go to sea.'

'A heavy step sounded in the hall, and Capt. Elkanah, grizzled and bluff, unbuttoned his overcoat and walked in.

With a certain exhilaration in his manner, he advanced to the fire, rubbing his hands.

'I've done it, sister-in-law,' he announced, briefly.

'Done—what?' queried Aunt Constance.

'Made an investment, ma'am—salted down ten thousand dollars for our old age. I was dining to-day with Fordham. There was a State Street broker in the company. He talked bonds to me, and I listened.

'Then the rough sight of Keturah, who was just bringing in the lights.

'Hey!' cried he; 'have I done a good thing, to-day, Keturah, or have I not?'

She looked him over carefully with her cunning black eyes, then seized the poker, and plunging it into the fire, sent a shower of sparks dancing up the chimney.

'There's your money!' she answered, 'gone!'

'What do you mean?' cried Capt. Elkanah, slapping his breast, angrily. 'The bonds are a good investment—I've the word of honest men for it.'

'I lied to me!' scoffed Keturah, 'are hard to find in these days. You'll never see your money again,' and she turned and vanished from the room.

The creole boy was as full of extravagant ways and fiery tempers as an egg of meat. Aunt Constance used to wonder if all French people were like him. He would sit for hours sketching portraits of Gillian, and then tear up his work in fury, because, as the child saucily said, he could not make her pretty enough. His fondness for her, his admiration of her beauty, knew no bounds. Often he astonished the grizzly captain, and deeply perplexed Aunt Constance.

'They are a perfect pair,' Keturah was wont to mutter, as she watched the two children—'a perfect pair—made by the good Lord for each other.'

One night Gillian went to bed with her head full of Aunt Constance's ghost stories. In the dead of the night Gisbert dreamed that he saw an angel hovering with outspread wings upon a pinnacle. He awoke with a start, and ran to his window.

As he looked forth into the night, lo! in the open space before the window, he saw a human shadow, flung from some point high above, moving back and forth in the moonlight.

It was very cold. The boy dressed hastily, and stepped out into the passage. Gillian's door stood wide open, and the room within was empty. Familiar by this time with all the winding ways of the house, he stopped only to cry out at Aunt Constance's door. 'Arise, madame! Something has happened!' and then hurried to the attic. As he mounted its stair a rush of cold wind greeted him. The scuttle was standing open, and a ladder rested against it. The French lad climbed the rounds and looked out.

The steep roof, with its covering of mingled snow and ice, shone in the moonlight like pearl. Far to one end, poised upon the dizzy edge, as if for heavenward flight, like the angel of which he had dreamed, stood Gillian. She was in her night clothes, and her white feet were bare. Her hazel curls streamed around her shoulders. Her face was peaceful and pale; the eyes were closed; a faint smile hovered on the calm, red lips. The child was walking in her sleep—upon that steep and icy roof, where an insadvertent step was death.

For a moment Gisbert stood petrified, then he dropped his shoes, and, nimble as a cat, sprang upon the roof. It was as slippery as glass. Inch by inch he climbed and clung, drawing nearer and nearer to her.

Would she walk straight off the dizzy edge, or would some invisible hand hold her there till he could reach her? He crept on—he touched her night-dress, then balanced himself firmly, and grasped her with both arms.

She awoke with a frightened scream. He held her fast, and retracing his steps, lowered her through the scuttle, around which the whole household was now gathered.

'That was well done!' commented Capt. Elkanah, as the young hero descended the ladder.

As for Aunt Constance, she rushed at him and hugged him till he was breathless.

'You brave boy!' she sobbed; 'you splendid boy! What do we not owe you for this?'

Well, the weeks crept on, and the sojourn of the planter's son at the old New England house drew near its close.

In the attic, already mentioned, stood a cedar chest, with curious brass mountings and a spring lock, but the key was lost, as both the children had heard. They were rioting through the house, one afternoon, when Gillian crept into this fragrant retreat to hide. Down upon her, swift as lightning, banged the lid. Gisbert ran through the attic, searching and calling her in vain. At last, he heard, or fancied he heard, a faint noise from the chest. He tried the lid, and found it fast.

'Mon dieu!' cried he, and flew for a hatchet and a box of tools which he had seen among the rubbish of the place. He hacked and sawed away the lock and released the prisoner, but not until the blood spurted in a stream from his own hands, and Gillian was nearly suffocated. The two came gliding down the stairs in the gloaming, very pale and subdued, and found Elkanah standing on the hearth, talking with his sister-in-law.

'Come, young monsieur,' he cried, at sight of Gisbert, 'make your adieu with the little one! To-morrow, you will be on your way to Martinique.'

The lad staggered back a step.

'I will not go!' he gasped.

'Hey!' cried Capt. Elkanah; 'what would monsieur, your father, and madame, your mother, say, should I appear in Port Royal harbor without you?'

'I cannot go!' he persisted; 'I cannot leave Gillian!'

'My dear,' said Aunt Constance, 'sometime you will come and see us again.'

With such breath as remained to her, Gillian began to sob and roar. As for young monsieur, in mingled French and English he continued to reiterate his determination to remain unless Gillian should be allowed to go with him. When Aunt Constance pronounced this impracticable, he seized all his beautiful carved chessmen and flung them into the fire, crying out: 'Nobody shall touch them after her!' and then sent his flute on the same journey with, 'None shall hear me play it again;' after which he flung himself down, tearing his fair hair in misery.

Then he fled from them all, and hid himself in a nook of the dark staircase, where Gillian found him after weary search, and mingled her tears with his. The next morning, they parted.

'You must wait for me!' whispered the pale lips of the creole boy in the ear of weeping Gillian. 'I adore you! I will come back, some day.'

'No,' she sobbed; 'you will marry your cousin, and forget me. I shall never, never see you again!'

'I will come back,' he repeated; 'I swear it!'

Aunt Constance embraced him, and bade him be a good boy henceforth, and mind his mamma.

Keturah, in the background, called out to the captain:—

'When we see you again, master, you will be upon four legs.'

'Four legs!' cried the captain. 'What am I to be turned out to grass, like Nebuchadnezzar?'

'What's writ is writ,' said Keturah, enigmatically.

Then they went their way, and the good ship Mary Jane sailed down past the forts and islands of Boston harbor, and Gillian's fairy prince, with his blonde face and his tropic heart, faded out of her life like a splendid dream.

That was Capt. Elkanah's last voyage. Paralysis seized him on shipboard, and when he came back to the Marblehead house Keturah's prophecy was verified; for he could move only upon crutches, and the old life was over for Capt. Elkanah. It was a terrible blow. Then, too, his investments had proved unlucky. Loss of money was added to loss of strength, and his temper, savage enough at all times, now became diabolic. Dark days—days of sickness and trouble—had come to the old house.

No word from Martinique ever reached Gillian. She wore a ring, which Gisbert had sent her on her father's return. All that the girl knew of her lover was that he had been sent to complete his education in France before the Mary Jane weighed anchor for home. He was rarely mentioned now in the house, except by the parrot, who, in certain moods, would still call out for 'Gisbert, Gisbert!'—at which the tears always started in Gillian's eyes.

She was just 17, oval-faced, pearly-skinned, and with plenty of fine manners and graces, when John Fordham first saw her. It was a winter twilight. With a sort of proud patience in her face, she was sitting by the captain's side, reading to him by the light of the open fire. Her elocution, it seemed, had failed to satisfy him, and he was just lifting his crutch, to reprove her with a blow, when Keturah ushered this stranger into the room. He strode across the hearth, and seized the old man's arm.

'Good God, sir!' he cried, 'you would not strike a creature like this?'

Capt. Elkanah stared up into the shocked, red-bearded face of the new comer.

'Why not?' he answered, peevishly. 'She's my daughter; I may do with her as I like. Ah, Mister John, see what a wreck I have become! I shall never walk the deck of the Mary Jane again!'

John Fordham kept his fascinated eyes on Gillian. Rising from her chair, pale and unspeakably lovely, she returned the look in amazement.

'I am the owner of the Mary Jane,' he stammered. 'I come to pay my respects to the man whom my father used to call the best sailor ever trod a quarter-deck.'

He was a stout, good looking fellow of 30, with a florid face and kind blue eyes. Gillian bowed, and retreated into the nearest window.

'I never knew before that you had a daughter,' said Fordham to the captain.

'Ay,' answered he; 'she's the last of the stock, and she'll be next door to a beggar when I go.'

Fordham remained to tea. He talked principally to the captain and Aunt Constance, but he looked only at Gillian. When he had taken his departure, Capt. Elkanah called his daughter to his side, and eyed her closely and critically.

'Bless my soul! you've grown up!' he cried.

'Yes, papa,' said Gillian.

'And you're not ugly, either! We must be looking out for a husband for you—eh, sister-in-law?'

'There is no hurry,' replied Aunt Constance; 'she is but 17.'

John Fordham came again, and delicately apprised the captain that he had settled upon him an annuity for past services.

'I am only sorry,' said he, 'that I did not think of it before. But I have been abroad for years, and knew nothing of my father's affairs until his death.'

After this he became a constant visitor. His purpose was understood by all save Gillian.

Sometimes he found her reading to the savage old captain, or trying to amuse him with chess, or cribbage, or piquet; and then he would take her book, or board, or cards, with such eagerness, such evident desire to relieve her for a little, that she could not but be grateful. Sometimes she sat in her favorite window-seat, with the white Martinique parrot on her shoulder, and her eyes fixed in a far, dreamy gaze upon the sea. Sometimes she worked at bits of sewing or embroidery, like other women, or played at an old piano. But whatever she was doing, John Fordham's eyes dwelt upon her with deep and steadily increasing passion.

An inkling of the truth first came to her, one blustering night. With a cloak of sables thrown across his arm, and his good-natured face red by the frost, John Fordham entered.

'How I wish,' he said, as he crossed to Gillian's corner, 'that you would once look as if you were glad to see me, Miss Endicott!'

She did not withdraw her eyes from the darkening waters.

'I cannot be otherwise than glad,' she answered; 'for your visits here are a great comfort to papa.'

'And are they nothing to you?' he urged.

'Oh, yes!' she answered. 'You are the only person in the world who takes the trouble to visit us.'

'Why are you always gazing at that sea,' he murmured, 'like Hero watching for Leander? I wish you would look at me instead, Gillian.'

He got her hand somehow betwixt his own.

She drew it away.

'Gillian, pretty Gillian!' called the Martinique parrot, sleepily, from her cage overhead.

'Gillian, darling Gillian!' groaned John Fordham, in a miserable, tremulous voice, and he laid his hot lips upon that burnished hair.

She sat for an instant as if thunderstruck; then started to her feet, flashed him one strange, astonished look, and was gone before he could utter so much as a word.

The next time he came, Gillian would not see him.

'She has a headache,' whispered Aunt Constance, depreciatingly, to the captain, 'and has gone to bed.'

'Go up and bring her down,' he answered. Aunt Constance went, but returned again alone.

'She will not come,' was the message she telegraphed to him across John Fordham's shoulders.

Capt. Elkanah seized his crutch, and hobbled out of the room and up the stairs to the door of Gillian's chamber. He flung it open without ceremony, and limped in.

She lay on her white pillows, reading her life by the light of a candle. With a face like a thunder-cloud, he advanced, and, lifting his crutch, shook it over her head.

'Get up!' he commanded.

'Oh, papa, papa!' cried Gillian, affrighted at his look.

'Get up, I tell you, and come down to John Fordham! You think because I am crippled that you can defy me, eh? You shall see!'

'Oh, papa, moaned Gillian, 'spare me this once. I do not want to see John Fordham again.'

'I will give you five minutes in which to dress,' retorted the brutal captain; 'if you are not ready, I shall drag you down as you are.'

Gillian made her toilet, and descended to the room below. She found John Fordham alone. As she entered, pale and perfect, he little dreamed of the scene above stairs. She gave him her cold finger tips.

'Gisbert! Gisbert!' called a sudden voice from the window.

It was the Martinique parrot. She had awakened on her perch, and was fluttering uneasily in the firelight. Gillian's hand dropped from John Fordham's. A swift, sharp pang struck to her heart. Her fairy prince, her hero, her lover—where was he now? Had he quite forgotten his early love? Without a doubt. Gillian moved, shivering, to the fire.

'I hope I have not disturbed you,' stammered Fordham, his florid face growing redder; 'but it is time, Gillian, that you knew my heart. I love, I have loved you passionately for weeks. I think, yes, know that I can make you happy. Will you marry me?'

She shrank away, pale as Niobe.

'I will not deceive you,' she answered; 'I have never given you a thought. If I marry you, it will be solely to please my father. There is no will in this house but his.'

'That sounds very cold,' said John Fordham.

'Yes,' she added, listlessly; 'but I am not like other women—I have no heart.'

'Be that as it may, I will take you Gillian.'

After which there was nothing for her to do but lay her white, reluctant hand in his. The only one of the household who did not rejoice in Gillian's betrothal was Keturah.

'You will never marry him, ladybird,' she said.

'For heaven's sake,' cried Aunt Constance, 'don't listen to that old creature, child! Love will come in time. There was Gisbert St Cyr and his cousin——'

'Hush!' cried Gillian, 'don't speak of him.'

The old house began to ring with notes of preparation. Gillian, who was losing flesh and color, came to Keturah.

'They have set my wedding day,' said she.

'No matter,' answered Keturah, 'you will never marry him, I tell you.'

'My bridal dress is bought.'

'You will never wear it, lad bird.'

'Oh, Keturah,' prayed Gillian, 'do not deceive me.'

'I will not,' replied Keturah.

Years after, Gillian remembered the weeks preceding her marriage day as a dreary, confused dream. She neither tried nor wished to love John Fordham. She knew from the beginning she could not.

It was a winter morning. In her chamber stood Gillian, robed in misty white—the palest, loveliest bride that morning light ever shone upon.

Aunt Constance tried to kiss her; she thrust her away.

'Don't!' she said, coldly. 'You are a Judas, Aunt Constance—you have helped to betray me.'

Then she turned to Keturah, who was sweeping up the coals on the open hearth.

'Oh, Keturah,' she cried, 'you promised that I should never marry him.'

The old woman did not lift her eyes from her work.

'You never will,' she made answer.

'How dare you still tell me that?' scoffed Gillian. 'All things are ready, and everybody is here.'

'No,' contradicted Keturah, 'the bridegroom is not.'

True, guests and clergyman had arrived, but not John Fordham. A half-hour went by—an hour; he did not come.

Gillian stood at her window, staring out upon the gray, misty waste sea. Everybody felt that it was no trivial matter which kept the bridegroom from his expectant bride.

'Poor Gillian—poor Gillian!' croaked the Martinique parrot from her perch.

Far down the crooked street the sound of horse-hoofs rang suddenly out above the clamor of the storm. Gillian at her window was the first to see the messenger. Alas! was there ever, so fast as he that bears ill news. A great chill and terror crept through her veins. He stopped at the house, and, leaping from the saddle, entered with his tidings among the gathered guests. Gillian heard voices and confusion, and then the door of her chamber was flung wide open, and Capt. Elkanah and his crutches stood on the threshold.

'Take off that dress, girl!' cried he, his old face terrible with grief and baffled hope, 'and put on widow's weeds. John Fordham is dead. He was flung from his horse, this morning, and killed instantly.'

The room whirled, the day vanished. In the bridal white, which, in truth, she was never to wear at the altar, she fell senseless to the floor. After that day, Capt. Elkanah never again held up his grizzled head. Hardly had Gillian donned crape for her lover, when the old tyrant departed on his last, long voyage, and left his empty chair in the chimney nook. Blow followed blow. Aunt Constance began to droop perceptibly. At the end of a twelvemonth, she, too, died, and Gillian and Keturah were left alone. To its desolate hearth the two came back from Aunt Constance's grave. They sat on either side of the fire—Keturah, old and feeble; Gillian, in her deep mourning, with big, sorrowful eyes, and cheeks from which the roses seemed forever fled.

'Keturah,' she said, as the tears slipped one by one off her lashes; 'what are we to do? Do you think we two can live on here alone?'

Keturah roused herself slowly from her torpor. 'Hark!' she muttered, 'there is some one coming over the snow.'

Gillian listened. The wind screeched in the chimney; the clock struck out the hour. But that was all. 'I hear no one,' she said.

'There is some one coming over the snow,' repeated Keturah, like one talking in a dream, 'and he will tell you what you are to do.'

A sudden peal rang out from the brass knocker on the hall-door. A visitor, and upon this night, and upon this hour! Gillian looked up, startled and amazed. 'Who can it be? Go; open the door!' she said to Keturah. The old woman obeyed. Lo! out of the storm and out of the night, a traveller stepped across the threshold!

'Does Capt. Endicott still live in this house?'

'No,' said Keturah; 'he is dead.'

'And his daughter?'

'She is here, alone.'

Gillian started up from the chimney corner. She saw a man, blonde, bearded, lordly as a young Antinous, but with the heart of his boyhood looking still from her eyes. He saw a woman, with parted lips and lustrous hair, complete in every promised grace, who was the Gillian of his memory what the radiant blossom is to the closed bud. They stood on that familiar hearth and looked into each other's eyes. She was the first to speak.

'Gisbert?' she pronounced, 'is it you—is it really you?'

He still retained the extravagant ways of his boyhood—he sank at her feet. 'It is I! I promised—do not you remember—to return, sometime?'

'And you have not married your cousin?' she faltered, betwixt smiles and tears.

'How could I, when my heart and soul were yours? She has taken the veil at Paris.'

Then he told her of the long battle which he had waged with all his kindred and, finally, of the death of his father, and his succession to the family estates, whereby he was for the first time enabled to follow the dictates of his own faithful heart.

'Your memory,' he said to Gillian, 'has grown with my growth and strengthened also with my strength. But you—how is it with you? Do you love me still?'

'I have never loved other than you—never!' she answered, shivering as she thought of John Fordham.

And so he married her, and carried her away to Martinique, and Keturah went with them. But the old house still stands overlooking the harbor of Marblehead, and the story of the pale—high-born French lad and beautiful New England girl—haunts it still like a spell.—*Frank Leslie's Monthly.*

JERSEY ISLAND BEAUTIES.

The Jersey girls are so lovely! They pass you by ones and twos and threes, literally taking your breath away, for there is scarcely a plain face to be seen among the whole lot. Fair and dark, little and big, charming as Venus, stately as Juno, they make a goodly show as they pace the greensward, listening to the strains of "Blue Danube" or "Hydropaten." The Jersey men have a decided admiration for small feet, and those damsels who, either by nature or art, have acquired small extremities, do not disguise the fact, but wear their petticoats a good two inches shorter than their less favored sisters, who walk abroad discreetly clad in like a thunder-cloud, be advanced, and, lifting his crutch, shook it over her head. "tails." As a rule the belles of the island have little or no style; they do not dress well, or in particularly good taste, while their figures are in no way remarkable; but their faces make up for everything. You may see more beautiful girls in one summer's day in Jersey than you have known during the whole of a crowded London season. Perhaps it is the wonderful air of the island that gives to them that exquisite purity of complexion, that soft yet healthy bloom, which distinguishes them so remarkably. They also have for the most part, magnificent hair and eyes, and good features. Few of these girls are born in Jersey; they have, for the most part, settled in the island for some years, and the prettiest of them come from England. These damsels are by no means slow, but hardly as fast as their Guernsey sisters, who are not nearly so good looking. It is always the plainest women who flirt the most recklessly. The Jersey girls marry off very rapidly, but not always well. It is rare to hear of a really good wealthy marriage, but it is quite certain that when one of the wise virgins of the island gets a chance of matrimony, she seldom refuses it. The men who go there have usually warm hearts and light pockets, so that marriage is often essayed on such magnificent sums as two or three hundred a year. They will marry a civilian with a smiling countenance; but if you wish to see a proud and triumphant bearing, behold a Jersey girl sail to the altar with an officer. A few out of every regiment are caught and made Benedicts, and there is great rejoicing over the treasure. They have all a perverse, infatuated and thoroughly feminine love for a scarlet coat, esteeming the faithless little finger of an officer more than the whole body of a virtuous citizen.—*Belgravia.*

WHO IS SHE?

There is a little maiden—
Who is she? Do you know?—
Who always has a welcome
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,
Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she was the sun,
And she is sought and cherished
And loved by every one.

By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low;
Who is this little maiden?
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;
You certainly can guess;
What! must I introduce her?
Her name is—Cheerfulness.

—*The Semi-Tropical for March.*

The Daughter of the Sun.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Senora de—— was left a widow with one daughter, of such marvellous beauty that she won the *sobriquet*, "Daughter of the Sun," by which she was known. Her mother reared her in seclusion, watching constantly over her treasure until she placed her in the hands of the man who, united to the beautiful young girl, bestowed upon her his name and estate. Don A. F—— was a man of merit, and the "Daughter of the Sun" was married to him without desiring or opposing the marriage; she obeyed the command of her mother, who had never met with opposition from the docile girl.

For some time their happiness was unclouded, when an event, unnecessary of mention here, obliged Don A. ——— to make a voyage to Havanna. He begged his mother-in-law to take charge of her daughter and remove her from Cadiz during his absence. He did so, because at that time—in 1764—Cadiz was rich and powerful, and wealth brought in its train that luxury, those pleasures, those vanities, that intoxication and those passions which are its usual accompaniment. In order to remove the beauty from this focus of seductions and danger, he begged them to go to Isla, the city of arsenals and a naval station—vast and solitary because Cadiz absorbed its life.

At the same time that a barque sail:d slowly out of the bay of Cadiz, lively then as a fair, a coach, drawn by four horses, whose bells jingled merrily, rolled over the causeway that leads from Cadiz to Isla, and which rears itself between the seas so nearly united at high tide that it then appears like a bridge rather than a road.

In the coach were two ladies, one of whom was aged, and whose countenance expressed care and anxiety; the other was young and handsome, and her face was bathed in tears. Opposite them sat a negress, still young, the maid and companion, since childhood, of the young lady, who, by her grimaces, wit, and playfulness, succeeded in making her mistress dry her tears and smile before Cadiz was left a league behind.

Isla is a long and narrow city that rises, white and glistening, among the salt-hills like a swan surrounded by little ones. Three things are noticeable; its palm-groves, its naval observatory, and the numerous Catholic temples. It is lonesome like a beautiful woman thrust aside by a successful rival; or rather it is, with its arsenals, its docks, its ropewalks, its ship yards, and machine-shops, like a sailor's wife in her loneliness, seated on the beach and gazing at the sea.

The coach stopped before a handsome house, which, like most of its neighbors, was of stone and marble, with doors of heavy wood. Opposite the entrance was the door of the garden. Narrow paths, paved with tiles, divided the garden in four parts. The surrounding walls were hidden by climbing plants. In the centre there was an arbor, so densely covered with clustering vines, so dark and cool, that it appeared a grotto rather than an arbor. On a pedestal in the centre of the arbor stood a marble statue of Cupid, who, with one hand hiding his arrows and a finger of the other placed upon his lips, imposed silence.

It was in this arbor that the "Daughter of the Sun" passed long and solitary hours. Sometimes, after a prolonged silence, Francisca, the negress, would say—

'Senora, that child is making a signal of silence to us. It would be better if he would tell us to talk, since we are likely to forget how. My master, on boaru the barque, has the sea, the winds and dangers; but we have only the flowers.'

The "Daughter of the Sun" yawned and replied—

'My husband thinks that 'when two love each other, it is enough for one to enjoy.' His manner was passed the life of a woman who, unfortunately, had not been taught to employ her time or her mind, and to whom idleness was as dreadful as night to one who cannot sleep. She needed a life of action and amusement.

One day the beautiful recluse was seated, fanning herself, at her window. Francisca, stretched upon the floor, was amusing herself by dyeing her mistress' pet dog blue with indigo water.

'Do you know, my mistress,' said she, suddenly, 'that that officer, the brigadier of marines who follows us when we go to mass, has moved into the house opposite?'

From an unintentional and involuntary impulse, the mistress turned her head and saw, on the balcony, a young man who, taking advantage of the moment when her eyes fell upon him, saluted her with that elegance and grace which have always distinguished the officers of the royal navy.

The reproof which she was going to administer to the negress, expired upon her lips when she beheld the young man who had already attracted too much of her attention.

So Francisca continued—

'He is called Don Carlos de Las Navas; he is twenty-five years old, and is the finest young man in the brigade. He is so good and amiable that everybody likes him.'

'You seem to be well informed about all that relates to that gentleman,' said her mistress, interrupting the negress. 'But as all that does not interest me, keep it for yourself and others equally curious.'

'Here, my mistress, is your little dog, bluer than a violet,' said the humble girl, to distract her mistress.

But the "Daughter of the Sun" did not think of her blue dog or her black maid. For several days an elegant young man had followed her wherever she went. She saw him everywhere—in the street, at church, in her thoughts, in her dreams. Now, she finds him lodged in the opposite house; he has been named to her, and she finds herself made almost acquainted with him by a salute which he could not avoid giving.

It is hardly necessary to add that Las Navas, who was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his day, at sight of the "Daughter of the Sun" had conceived for her one of those passions which, at a time when politics did not absorb men, prompted them to attempt the impossible.

For a long time all his efforts were fruitless, because of the religious principles instilled into his loved one's minds, which, if they are not always sufficient, notwithstanding human frality, to prevent a fault, often correct it. Las Navas became desperate. The lady, on her part, had changed her former tranquil weariness for a constant pain that consumed her. Francisca, the negress, full of compassion for the sufferings of both, and unwilling the instinct of an uncivilized race, without reflecting upon the culpable cause of those sufferings, nor upon the probable consequences of her complaisance, yielded to the prayers of Las Navas, and one night, when her mistress was seated in the arbor, opened a door which gave upon the Albine a solitary waste, lying between Isla and the sea.

"*C'est le premier pas qui coute,*" is a well known truth. The door, which the negress so imprudently opened, was reopened on each succeeding night. In that garden, once so deserted and lonesome; among those flowers once so neglected; under the light of that moon, once so unobserved, the lovers passed hours of such bliss as stilled the voice of conscience.

In this way a year had passed, when it happened that the Captain General of the department, who had gone to Jerez, died there suddenly, and the whole brigade of marine guards had to transport itself to that place to attend the burial. This absence, short as it was, gave acute pain to two beings who for a year had lived in the same atmosphere, and to whom absence was a mixture of pain, anxiety, fear and jealousy.

On the night of the second day after the departure of Las Navas, the disconsolate beauty was sitting in the arbor. Francisca was at her feet. The moon rose pure and tranquil, like a heart free from passion and inquietude.

'My mistress,' said Francisca, suddenly rising to her feet, 'Las Navas is here; did you not hear the signal? Listen, my mistress, listen!'

The lady did listen intently, and heard the peculiar whistle by which Las Navas made his presence known, and as Francisca hastily opened the gate, Las Navas, muffled in his cloak, entered with a hurried step. But Francisca could not shut the door, because it was pushed open by two men who entered and followed him.

Paralyzed by terror, the negress could neither move nor cry out. The men, who had entered the garden, approached Las Navas, and, before he could defend himself against the blows, drove their daggers in his breast. He fell without a groan, and when the assassins saw him stretched on the ground they fled.

For a few moments the most profound silence reigned in the garden. Francisca remained paralyzed by the double impression of terror and horror; the 'Daughter of the Sun' lay senseless upon the marble steps of the arbor; Las Navas gave no sign of life; the moon shone tranquilly upon the scene, and the flowers perfumed it.

Presently Francisca, brought to herself by the intensity of the reaction after her panic of fear, rushed to her mistress, whom she already saw dishonored and ruined, seized her in her arms, aroused and animated her.

'My mistress, my mistress!' she exclaimed; 'you are lost, if that body is found here. My mistress, your honor and your fate depend upon what we can do in these few moments; and they are numbered! That body which compromises you must be removed. Courage, my mistress, courage! if not for your own sake, for that of the master! Let us carry the corpse away and escape scandal and insult. Help me carry it out; I cannot do it alone.' And the crazy negress dragged her unhappy mistress to where the body of Las Navas lay, and forced her to assist in carrying it.

'Enough! I can do no more,' sobbed the "Daughter of the Sun."

'More yet,' my lady,' replied the negress in a tone of anguish. 'Do you wish to appear before the tribunal?'

And the two, controlling their agony, their terror and their weakness, lifted the body again and dragged it farther away from the door.

Then Francisca sustaining her mistress, led her to her chamber and placed her on the bed, returned to the garden, washed away the bloodspots, and removed all trace, every vestige of the terrible crime, with an energy begotten of her affection for her mistress. She returned to her, and at sight of her lying as pale and motionless as if the bed were her bier, she fell upon her knees, and stretching out her trembling hands toward her mistress, sobbingly exclaimed—

'Oh, my mistress! I have ruined you.'

'No, Francisca, no! I cannot hear my mistress; 'you have saved me!' And throwing one of her arms around the neck of the slave, she embraced her and burst into tears.

'The dawn is already approaching,' said Francisca a few minutes later, as she opened the shutters in order to put an end, as soon as possible, to that dreadful night.

Notwithstanding all that the poets say—who, in general, are not acquainted with the dawn except by hearsay—the dawn is sad. At the close of day everything prepares for labor and suffering.

The light of dawn smiles upon a city of dead; so much light in heaven and so great a silence on earth contrast painfully. The "Daughter of the Sun," beautiful and still, assembled the dawn.

Francisca urged her to rise and seat herself at the window, as was her habit, in order to avoid suspicion, while she came and went.

Suddenly the clear lively sound of military music was heard. It was from the naval brigade, returned from Jerez.

Each note of the music she had so often heard, as the brigade marched through the streets, led by the man whom she loved, and who was now but an abandoned corpse, each one of those notes was a dagger that pierced the heart of the unhappy woman, whose grief even was a crime.

Her cries suddenly ceased, and she became silent; her eyes op